

Wimpied Norburg

Music & Letters

A Quarterly Publication

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Music and Letters

JULY, 1922

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EDITORIAL NOTE

WITH this number our translations reach three figures. That is not much, but it is something. We propose to continue the scheme. It is only gradually becoming known, and there is hope of attracting, in time, more labourers into the field. Moreover, sporadic translations are not of much use to singers, who want to be provided with English for any song that may suit them. Hence our efforts will be confined for the present to the same four composers, and we shall welcome for the next number any songs of Schubert, Schumann, Brahms or Wolf of which translations have not already appeared, or which are better than those that have. Singers can, if they will, help in three ways—by saying what songs they want translated, by criticising for good or ill those that are printed, and by sending translations of their own, which will be of all the more value because they know what it would feel like to sing them.

There has been time in a year to gather a few opinions as to the value of translations, and in the light of those we venture to plead the cause of these once more. The Die-hards will not have them at any price. We respect this opinion, though we do not share it, to the extent that we propose, if possible, to print also prose epitomes for the use of those who wish to sing the original and convey the sense quickly to an audience. They will be marked, like the songs,* with an asterisk, which means that the author is willing to lend the copy-

* By an oversight the asterisks were omitted from the April number. They may be considered to be there for all except Op. 25, No. 24, and Op. 35, No. 4.

right to a singer for the purpose of his programme if he will acknowledge by giving the name of the author and of the magazine.

The main objection has been that what has appeared is not poetry. That is true, and the year's trial has shown, unfortunately, that real poetry is at present out of reach. Poets themselves—Scott, Clough, T. E. Brown, even Longfellow—are not at their best in translation. Moreover, there is not one of them that has squarely faced the difficulty of writing for the music, and it is hardly to be expected that where they have failed the poetasters would succeed when further hampered by the musical necessities. But it is elsewhere we should perhaps look for models. Burns wrote his songs by having a tune, a folk-song for choice, running in his head, and we have a better chance for our translation by letting Burns run in ours.

Tho' this was fair, and that was braw,
And yon the toast of a' the town,
I sighed and said amang them a',
"Ye are na Mary Morison."

When that goes lilting through the memory our sentences begin to fall naturally and our syllables to take a musical sound of themselves. Or, since song is always pressing eternity into the moment and a universe into home, we get help from lines of another lover of the countryside—

Luck, my lads, be with you still
By falling stream and standing hill,
By chiming tower and whispering tree,
Men that made a man of me.

Just listen to the homely Saxon tongue with its unforced alliteration and its syllables throwing their weight at the exact moment!

The best translation one has ever seen is the version in Longfellow's *Hyperion* of Uhland's *Über diesen Strom, vor Jahren*.

Über diesen Strom, vor Jahren,
Bin ich einmal schon gefahren.
Hier die Burg im Abendschimmer,
Drüben rauscht das Wehr wie
immer.

Und von diesem Kahn umschlossen
Waren mit mir zween Genossen;
Ach! ein Freund, ein vatergleicher,
Und ein junger, hoffnungreicher.

Jener wirkte still hienieden,
Und so ist er auch geschieden,
Dieser, brausend vor uns allen,
Ist in Kampf und Sturm gefallen.

Many a year is in its grave,
Since I crossed this restless wave;
And the evening, fair as ever,
Shines on ruin, rock and river.

Then, in the same boat, beside,
Sat two comrades old and tried;
One with all a father's truth,
One with all the fire of youth.

One on earth in silence wrought,
And his grave in silence sought;
But the younger, brighter form
Passed in battle and in storm.

So, wenn ich vergangner Tage,
Glücklicher, zu denken wage,
Muß ich stets Genossen missen,
Theure, die der Tod entrissen.

Doch, was alle Freundschaft bindet
Ist, wenn Geist zu Geist sich findet,
Geistig waren jene Stunden,
Geistern bin ich noch verbunden.

Nimm nur, Führmann, nimm die
Miethe,
Die ich gerne dreifach biete,
Zween die mir überführen
Waren geistige Naturen.

UNLAND.

So, when'er I turn my eye
Back upon the days gone by,
Saddening thoughts of friends come
o'er me—
Friends who closed their course
before me.

Yet what binds us, friend to friend,
But that soul with soul can blend?
Soul-like were those hours of yore;
Let us walk in soul once more!

Take, O boatman, thrice thy fee;
Take—I give it willingly;
For, invisible to thee,
Spirits twain have crossed with me!

From LONGFELLOW's *Hyperion*.

But there are two difficulties about this: first, that the German does not appear to have been set to music by anyone, and, second, that the English does not preserve the disyllabic endings and could not therefore be sung to the music if there were any. No doubt the dropping of the disyllables is deliberate. Not only do they add much to the difficulty in English, but they are not in the genius of our very monosyllabic language and therefore, as a continuance, sound heavy. A translator for music cannot ignore them like this, though he can sometimes dodge them.

We find very little here in the German that an Englishman could not take upon his lips, but we notice that in one or two places—at *Ach!* and *brausend*—the English is a little more reticent. Also the translation is astonishingly literal, ingeniously so in the fourth stanza—where, indeed, we can almost see the conscientious amateur being over-literal and adding a touch of commonplace with, perhaps, "So, when'er I turn my eye Back on happy days gone by, Thoughts of absent friends come o'er me," and suddenly conjuring up therewith the scene of a toast at a regimental dinner!

The greatest merit that a translation can have—and Longfellow's has it—is to present a clear picture. As long as it does that, and eliminates the foreign manner and gets the verbal accent to do justice to the music, it is always more or less singable—even if it does not look well in print, or sound well when spoken, if, in fact, it is just not poetry. The word which is "out of the picture" is the great enemy. When Sachs sang the other day at the opera "Craze, craze, everywhere craze," for "Wahn, Wahn, überall Wahn," instead of "Mad, mad, all the world's mad"—which, with the thoroughly English background of Purcell's "Mad" songs and the speech in *As You Like It*, almost cries out to be sung—what was really the matter? Surely that "craze" whisks us off suddenly to ephemerali-

ties and is out of the mood of Sachs, poet-cobbler-philosopher-human being. What should he know of, or care about, crazes?

Another enemy is the inverted phrase. This is a survival of Elizabethan English. The hundredth Psalm (1560) offers instances. "*Him serve with fear*" (inversion for emphasis), "And for his folk he doth *us take*" (grammar still demanded the infinitive last). In "*They drank the red wine through the helmet barred*" Scott has another reason; the point is that they were in too great a hurry to unlace their helmets, and "*barred*" is predicative whereas "*red*" is attributive. Inversion is objectionable chiefly, then, because it is antiquarian, and therefore usually "out of the picture." Thus, "*Here we in darkness sit forlorn, Death's shade upon us lies*" (written in 1860), is defensible only because it is in a hymn, where antiquarianism is in place. There is a similar objection to "*taketh*" for "*takes*" (for the sake of the metre), or words like "*cumber*" (=sorrow) for the sake of the rhyme.

At the risk of dogmatizing a little, one gives these instances as specimens of the reasons for which only a hundred or so translations have appeared here out of 491 that were sent in. The work of translation is difficult enough, "the dear knows," but we believe it to be worth doing. Meantime we are not yet satisfied. We hope for more versions with the singableness of Steuart Wilson's, the reticence of Alexander Gray's and the lilt of Lucia Young's. No translation can aspire to having all the virtues; but even with half a dozen faults it may still contain some positive beauty that makes it worth singing and remembering.

AN APPROXIMATION TO THE TRUTH ABOUT AUGUST WILHELMJ

ONE hot summer day, now many years ago, I walked through the brown linoleumed passages of the Guildhall School of Music to choose a violin-master for my friend, Reginald Hills, and the accident happened which spoilt for ever my own violin playing! The light streamed harshly through high windows on to ugly walls and on to the lifeless linoleum. Pianos and violins were faintly heard on all sides. Suddenly there rang out a violin passage, high on the E string. What tone! Full, brilliant, fiery and yet smooth! The dynamic stress of the phrasing, the rocking rhythm were a revelation! Had this been all, it had been enough, but it was not all, for, in the quality of tone there was something quite strange, though obscured perhaps a little by its brilliancy and power. I felt it instantly, and for ever after that I could no more think of this violinist and class him as a violinist of any known school or tendency than a naturalist could accept the assurance of people around that a certain animal, newly arrived, was the finest elephant at the Zoo, when actually a mastodon stood before him! With what mixed feelings, were this thing possible, would he not pay his twopence for a ride on its back; with what mixed feelings hear around him the complacent chatter about the fine new elephant! The mood of his fellow passengers, its bright stale vulgarity in blending with the note of awe and religious gloom, struck in his own mind by the sight and movements, by his contact with this life-in-death monster of bygone æons, would bewilder him with strange feelings of wonder. At times, for fleeting instants, would he imagine himself dreaming, until, a sense of reality and everydayness gaining the upper hand, he rushed off to the authorities to demand an explanation concerning this newly-arrived and ill-understood creature.

And so it has been with me. Ever since that day I have been rushing to and fro, virtually speaking, seeing what authorities I could find, questioning them and myself, in vain almost. I am indebted to Mr. Gordon Tanner for the saying, "Not a king, but a god of violinists," as an apt *aperçu*: one which points the right road. And the great Liszt, speaking out of his deep instinct, said, on hearing the sixteen-year-old Wilhelmj play, "Aye, indeed, you are predestinated to become a violinist; so much so that *for you the violin*

must have been invented had it not already existed." It is significant that in this connection Wilhelmj invariably spoke of contemporary great violinists as great musicians—very fine musicians, but not violinists. Ysaye, however, he admitted, was essentially a violinist, so too was Sarasate; but they had limitations, for they only brought out certain aspects of violin tone. And the accident—well, that was a trifling matter, and merely this, that, hearing Wilhelmj was the end of me as a violinist—like the frog, I burst in endeavouring to swell myself to the size of the bull.

Born at Usingen, in Nassau, on September 21, 1845, August Wilhelmj was the son of a lawyer, owner of famous vineyards on the Rhine. His mother was a pupil of Chopin, and, though his father played the violin in a bold and powerful style, it was to his mother that the young Wilhelmj owed his first initiation into the mysteries of music. Subsequently he went to Fischer of Wiesbaden. In 1854 Henrietta Sontag called him the German Paganini, when (aged nine) he played at Limburg. But his father was averse from allowing the boy to become a professional musician, he deemed the life a wretched one for all save the gifted few capable of creating a public *furor*.

During the next seven years, taking his violin studies in his stride, so to speak, and developing rapidly on the interpretative side, it yet remained quite uncertain what was to be the boy's fate. At last, however, determined to obtain his father's consent to his adopting the concert platform as his life's work, he begged his father to decide. "Go," said the old man, "and consult some eminent musician; he shall decide for us what is to become of you." Young Wilhelmj elected to go to Franz Liszt.

When Liszt was a young man he had heard Paganini play, and had forthwith determined that he himself would become the Paganini of the piano. He had heard Paganini and yet he could find it in his honest open heart to say to the sixteen-year-old Wilhelmj (who in that time was not in full practice, who was still, in fact, an amateur): "Aye, indeed, you are predestinated to become a violinist; so much so that for you the violin must have been invented had it not already existed." And, shortly after, he presented the boy to Ferdinand David, whose pupil he remained until 1864, when he took lessons in harmony from Richter and Hauptmann, and later also from Joachim Raff. The meeting of Wilhelmj and Raff leaves me quite undecided as to whether Wilhelmj's peculiar violin playing influenced Raff's subsequent compositions, or whether Raff influenced Wilhelmj's playing more. If one is to judge from the second great concerto for violin, subsequently re-arranged by Wilhelmj, it would seem the influence was equal and reciprocal. Raff had leanings towards the

introduction into music of quarter-tones, and in this way, as well as in spirit, his music was the diametric opposite of Debussy's music. High, harsh and brilliant above other compositions is the music of Raff; but not more so than the music of Debussy is low, soft and slack. Invariably Raff seems to have arranged his compositions, by instinct, to ring fierily with upper partials, just as Debussy seems with equal craft to subordinate these, thus obtaining smooth, simple pure sounds similar to those of the tuning fork, and as devoid of strife and meaning as the bleating of goats and lambs, or the idle whinnying of colts.

After leaving Raff, Wilhelmj travelled, in 1865, through Switzerland and Holland. What the Swiss thought of him I do not know. The Dutch, whom I venture to call the soundest intuitive critics in the world where music is concerned, were amazed. Yet he came upon them too suddenly. Much was written about his immense tone, and much about his entirely personal, yet thoroughly consistent, methods of interpretation; but little was decided critically. The King, the father of Queen Wilhelmina, expressed himself profoundly moved and astonished. Wilhelmj continued his travels, passing on to Russia and America. In Russia, naturally, he created the very deepest impression, and critics wrote endlessly on his excellence, but with very little discrimination as to his singularities of style. The violin is for most musicians an acquired taste and, unfortunately, very few critics have been violinists. His excellence possibly was exaggerated, his significance but very vaguely apprehended. Wilhelmj passed over to America. Now, in the United States, especially in those days, only the negroes were musical. He was greatly appreciated, but mostly, one suspects, on account of his air of vigorous and massive mastery. The United States saw in him a cold and resolutely efficient performer.

He returned to Germany, where he led the first violins for Wagner's first Bayreuth festival.

Wagner's testimony, in a letter to Wilhelmj, goes to show (what, indeed, must always have seemed likely to violinists) that characteristic playing (on any instrument, even) may lead a composer on to new ideas. Wagner had never before heard the violin, so he wrote. Previously he had, indeed, heard music on the violin, but now it seemed to him he heard for the first time the violin on music, so to speak, a new world of sound (quintessentially violin sound), and it furnished him with a whole new field of sensation whereon new compositions would in time grow to harvest.

Now, whatever readers (if this article ever have any) may think of me, the testimony of Wagner and Liszt cannot be lightly brushed aside, and the most interesting part of their testimony is that relating to Wilhelmj's playing as "something new under the sun—new and

beautiful." Both Wagner and Liszt had heard Joachim. Liszt, who influenced Joachim greatly, urged upon that most musicianly violinist the need for a greater technique. Wagner, who heard him much later, thought him better than others (excluding Wilhelmj), but better only along much the same lines. He did not impress Wagner as Wilhelmj did, that is to say, as the very incarnation of the spirit of the violin. Liszt had also heard Paganini.

Why, then, in spite of this evidence—great in quality, if small in quantity—is Wilhelmj so comparatively little known?

I think it is sufficient to say, in explanation thereof: firstly, that his active career was too short; secondly, that all inventions or innovations require much time for their full appreciation, for the full appreciation of the greatness of the inventor and of his paving-the-way labours.

Consider, again, in connection with the first reason, how difficult it is to overcome the inertia of public opinion. Much time and many appearances will be required of an artist before this inertia is quite overcome. Men become famous usually just as they are beginning to be too old to live up to their fame—they have been sowing, but the soil is slow. By the time they are too weary to sow further the harvest is ripe. Their fame is in every field, but the spinal cord has run dry. In literature, it is plain, one man has succeeded where another failed merely because he wrote more; he threw enough gold dust and some of it stuck.

Now Wilhelmj, far too critical of himself and horrified by the example of artists whose skill had vanished long before their fame, resolved upon an early retirement. No one ever could persuade him that he had retired too soon.

As for the second reason for his relative obscurity, the peculiarities of his style were indeed felt and even worshipped, but everyone was baffled to express those peculiarities; consequently people held their peace or merely added praise to praise until this admiration became as nauseous to Wilhelmj as it did to those who had never heard him. Here, thought the latter, we have a fine example of party-spirit and overdone loyalty to a chosen master. Such an explaining away of Wilhelmj's merits had, of course, special power in England, where *esprit de corps* is almost a fetish. Anyone hearing a Wilhelmj pupil praise Wilhelmj merely bowed to the great idol *Esprit de Corps* and courteously dismissed the whole matter from his mind.

No one, it would seem, need be ashamed of not having at once perceived the full import of a new idea, a new feeling or an invention.

Napoleon I. scorned the steamboat; Wellington thought railways were mere toys. Few people (even amongst mathematicians) besides Briggs foresaw the full scope of logarithms. We have no time, and we know this instinctively, to be deeply impressionable even about many of those things which most deeply concern us. Here and there, however, someone happens to be already disposed by nature to be impressed along the lines required. On such a person, then, develops the duty of post-herald or advertiser, should he live to see the genius he thinks he understands, or the idea (not his own) for which he is hopeful, overlaid and in danger of oblivion.

Exactly how tall and how broad Wilhelmj was I do not know, and if I knew I should not tell it here; for he always created upon me the impression of being a giant, a creature of a different race. This feeling was greatly increased for me when I watched him playing. His chest measurement, if I must speak statistically, was doubtless inferior to Zbysco, or even Hackenschmidt; his height was undoubtedly less than Goliath's, or even Jess Willard's. But he kept up the character of giant, of fee-faw-fummism more consistently than those I have mentioned (if I may omit Goliath)—far better than these men of more inches. The massiveness was in his sensory nerve system as much as, if not more than, in his dreamy wisdom and gracious unconcern for the commonplace in life. This imparted to all his movements a massive, smooth deliberateness. One saw skill where one anticipated clumsiness, as one does in the case of bears and elephants, as one did in the case of Dr. W. G. Grace. Many a time, as a boy, have I seen Grace move to field a ball, too late and too slow as I thought; but no, he was there just in the very nick of time, without hurry or apparent effort. Many a time have I seen Wilhelmj's fingers come down too late for that swift bowing of his. But no, just in time! I could scarcely trust my eyes. Those big elephant fingers would never hurry for that lightning bowing. And behind that curious act of skill one felt the large, firmly established passional system of feeling, which supported the act and gave occasion to all his other peculiarities in music. The sweeping swinging tone, the deep breath glides, the rocking rhythm, the incredibly bold relief given to significant phrases, the handsome richness of tone on the lower strings, the brilliancy and incisiveness on the E string, all these were no mere loose accretions, but part of a strange underlying system, weapons in the armoury of a unique physico-psychic bias; and, most wonderful to relate, they were neither destructive of the music nor wholly subordinate to it, but in some way co-ordinate with it. The violin was made to hold equal rank with the music. Joachim subordinated the violin and its mysteries of tone.

Paganini subordinated the music to the needs of the violin. They were the supreme instances. Wilhelmj, alone of all players, gave violin and music equal value, without perceptible loss to either; nay, with unique gain to both. Nurtured on his playing, educated by his teaching, innumerable pupils have picked up his methods and his effects, but when they endeavoured to assume the underlying cause or system of causes which led Wilhelmj by degrees to his discoveries in violin rendering they found that they had to swell their natures until they burst, as did the frog who wished to show she was as big as the bull. The machinery they have and the method they know, but the motive power is not there, and with a substitute fuel the machine wears out. This has been my case. Of all players, Wilhelmj and Ysaye were the most thoroughly in tune. Next in order, in my opinion, come Albert Sammons and Achille Rivarde. But about the two former there could have been no doubt. Yet anything more horribly out of tune than Wilhelmj and Ysaye playing together would have been impossible inside the ranks of the virtuosi. The timbre of tone was so different between the two. Wilhelmj's tone emphasised different upper partials and lay on the road which terminates in the tone produced by brass instruments. Ysaye's tended towards the woodwinds and towards the simple musical purity sought by Debussy (the composer). If these two had played together, Wilhelmj would have sounded too sharp, Ysaye too flat (assuming, of course, they made no attempt at compromise of their usual styles). Playing solos with orchestra, Ysaye made the orchestra seem slightly sharp, Wilhelmj made it seem slightly flat, and this more noticeably in upper register work high on the E string in both cases. The feverish voluminous brilliancy of Ysaye's tone had for basis a rich and ample organic sensibility, devoid, perhaps, of any strong bias for differentiation in tone-sounds. In keeping with the general tenor of his physique, the basilar membrane of his ear was broad and richly supplied with neural termini or sensitive spots, more richly than in the case of any other player within my knowledge, but in other respects the auditory membrane was normal. In the case of Wilhelmj there was, I venture to suggest, a pronounced abnormality, *e.g.*, a longer and relatively narrower basilar membrane equally, or nearly equally, richly supplied with neural points, possessed actually a greater number from its superior length, which enabled him to detect higher register notes in new relations to still higher upper partials, which only he could hear, but which altered for him the proportion or perspective of the normal scheme of tone pitch. In other words, the colouring of upper partials (practically beyond hearing range of other violinists) tempered for him the colouring of all notes below. I remember particularly being told by

my friends Reginald Hills and Ernest Earle that a certain pupil—a Mr. Bevan, I think—stoutly maintained against Wilhelmj himself that that latter was out of tune almost immediately he played on the E string. Wilhelmj as stoutly held that Mr. Bevan was always flat anywhere on any string except the G. This is splendid evidence for my suggestion; I could never hope to manufacture any half so good. On the G string, of course, very high upper partials, unheard by Mr. Bevan, *operate least*, if at all. There both Wilhelmj and Mr. Bevan could almost agree. But even away on the lower register Wilhelmj was the master of Mr. Bevan, for he could hear musical notes from locomotives as they entered and left tunnels provided they were puffing. These notes are too low; the bat's squeak is too high for average human hearing. That Wilhelmj ranged both ways beyond average hearing was established for him by scientific tests he underwent at the hand of some pupil of the celebrated Von Helmholtz—at least, so he told me, and I cannot see any justification for doubting it.

I, too, had been left wondering at times at Wilhelmj's intonation; but common sense, not modesty, told me that it must be I who was at fault. Allowing for his limitations, Mr. Bevan was right; but, as landladies say, "circumstances alter cases."

On the basis, then, of an abnormally complete apparatus for hearing music, Wilhelmj from childhood up, of course, was left to erect his superstructure of art; that is to say, he took the world and re-modelled it nearer to his heart's desire, as every artist must do, in music. But he had more building materials—or, practically speaking, different building materials—from any of his predecessors.

And the superstructure he built was noble in design, beautiful and strange in material. It was spacious, yet towering and Gothic. It inspired three composers: Liszt, Raff and Wagner. It gave to the world many imitations: imitations which resemble as the toadstool resembles the mushroom, plausible and poisonous resemblances. Some violinists used his bricks, others his stones, some used his design but with unsuitable material; the giants' palace we shall never have again, I think. All that he introduced into violin playing is now the commonplace of Kubelik, Mischa Elman, to a certain extent of Kreisler. For such men, one glance at Wilhelmj's phrasing or paraphrasing of any well-known violin piece was sufficient to give them what otherwise they never would have had. Yet, weighed in the balance, they are found relatively wanting, great as they are. They are not sustained, one feels, by the underlying passional system, in all its logical completeness, which gave such consistency to Wilhelmj's interpretations and which led him ever onward to fresh discoveries in interpretation. Each phrase fails in their case to amplify, confirm and enforce the whole.

Whosoever they use his method they are merely powerful, bright, hard, hollow and stereotyped, or, at the best, like him, indeed, yet inferior in degree. Instinct or some felicitous combination of faculties forced Wilhelmj to express the subconscious within him with amazing, and till then unattempted, fidelity. It was that intimate and clearly expressed relation of every aspect of his playing to his emotional or æsthetic world, which led hearers on to find correlation in their own, so that some of his most characteristic sudden strokes of analysis in interpretation shook the listener's own kingdom of emotion from end to end, as no mere undesigned tickling of the ears can. It was not a mere matter of sense perception, but one of emotional and æsthetic inference; of that vast life below the surface, the emotional and æsthetic life, arranged by passion according to its own swift unerring logic into an incomparable system which, taken in its entirety, constitutes our private life, our religion.

One's first letter from father or mother received during the first week at a boarding school is very dear to one: it urges patience for the homesick and breathes the love of the parents, however carefully that love may be disguised. And good music is like a letter from our Father in heaven which bids us have yet a little more patience and speaks of the joys to come. The written music, the works composed, these are indeed the words of the Father, but the instruments which play them recall the very accents of the beloved voice which we must have heard in some mysterious way before. In so far forth as a player is able to make these accents of the beloved voice seem real to us, in so far is the player performing as divine a function as the composer. There is nothing to choose between them, surely! But it is a rare thing for this to take place. Usually we must help the illusion by drawing from the illimitable depths of our inner lives the accents we so wish to hear. But the voice of an earthly father has different tones on different occasions; even so the tones of great players vary and yet seem the tones of the Father of all.

Dr. Johnson could not understand, so he said, why a woman like Mrs. Thrale should waste herself on so contemptible a being as an Italian fiddler. I am not going to justify Mrs. Thrale's choice, for the man's sex-appeal probably had far more to do with it than his violin-playing; but he who sees no more in violin-playing than playing on the violin knows nothing of the importance of the subconscious mind and its treasures, and consequently never dreams how much more likely it is that therein lies the true escape to heaven. The back door, not the front portals, of conscious intellect shall let out the poor prisoner.

Every violinist worthy of the name is a great guide and philosopher : his logic is the infallible logic of passion. By passion I mean everything in the nature of an expansiveness of one's whole being : the projecting of one's soul into the universe, the stretching forth of the hand towards the illimitable, intuitive life, religion, and every gracious impulse. Passion in the sense of anger is a contraction of one's self, and the very negation of what is here meant by the "passional underlying system of our lives."

I have said every violinist ; I mean, of course, every instrumentalist. But instrumentalists must beware how they copy : they must be themselves. No human being who is not true to himself can have æsthetic value, whatever other values he may possess. Wilhelmj, then, is no less a figure to me, even on a purely intellectual estimate, than are Newton or Schopenhauer. But he was a violinist, a mere fiddler, and will soon be forgotten ; he did not even play to a gramophone, as modern players can do now to perpetuate their deeds and memory. I will conclude by adverting to Wilhelmj's use of the right arm. His whole soul seemed to be in the right arm. All violinists have told us this should be so ; but I have never seen that it was so, save in Wilhelmj's case. He lifted his bow from the strings perhaps more than most violinists, and he bowed with inconceivable swiftness when playing detached whole-length notes. The fingers of his left hand were the slaves of his bow-arm. With Ysaye the direct opposite was visibly the case. Wilhelmj's *allargando* passages exceeded one's utmost expectations in grandeur. In rendering the *arpeggio* passage of Bach's "Chaconne" he hypnotised the listener to feel that the passage would *go on for ever*, that *nothing could arrest it* ; where double-stopping occurred, the solemnity of tone startled ! The sombre glory of his playing on the G string was well-nigh unbelievable, the cutting speed of his short detached bowing in quick-note passages was a violent stimulating tone and always, in the man himself, it seemed there reigned a great absent-minded calm, as if he were immersed in far greater things, and these were but a faint suggestion of what lay below, waiting to be expressed.

But, the reader may say, nearly all the great violinists have a powerful tone, a fine skill with the bow, and, indeed, most of all the qualities you mention. They have, but not only have they not got them to the same extent, but what is much more, they do not throw into relief the particular qualities which the music may call for at any moment, as he did, but allow these qualities to war against one another, so to speak, to strut the stage mechanically all the while. Violinists fall into two classes in respect to their uses of violin beauties of tone, as people who are

fond of dressing well do. You have the girl who puts on many things beautiful which yet detract from one another's beauty when in juxtaposition; people of no particular taste laugh and call these vulgar. You have, on the other hand, the woman who is careful to wear only things called suitable things, which, without being beautiful themselves, yet together please our sense of fitness. The latter effect, however, is on the whole unsatisfying, insipid. These two classes seem incompatible, mutually destructive—they are so in dress, but in violin-playing Wilhelmj united these differing aims and so achieved the incredible. And I take the liberty of conjecturing that he is the only violinist who has ever wanted to do this sufficiently to have succeeded in doing it.

H. MORGAN-BROWNE.

THE WORKMANSHIP OF BACH

BEFORE I begin to discuss a few details of Bach's workmanship, I wish to make one or two general observations upon his attitude to work.

If we read the life of Bach and the life of Wagner we become aware of a striking difference in their attitude to their work. Both are supreme artists, both are highly-skilled craftsmen, both are impelled by a noble desire to produce great and good music, but whereas Bach works for art only, Wagner works for art and self. Bach was the last of the simple-hearted mediæval craftsmen. And just as the carpenters and silversmiths made their wares because their neighbours wanted them, and made them beautiful because they loved their work, so Bach wrote nearly all his music because the community required it, and he made it perfect in proportion and design because he loved it. Nearly all that he wrote was born of the community's need. He was not the man to supply the work and then create the demand. Even the organ preludes and fugues, written to display his own technical skill, were born of the occasion's necessity. In those days a man was expected to play well and the music (what more natural than that it should be his own composition?) merely served to exhibit his skill. To devise a base analogy, we might say that a cricketer of the present day is successful in that he makes runs. A great batsman, call him Jack Brooke, makes incredible scores with bats of his own make. The spectators cheer his centuries and take for granted the bats, with which the centuries are compiled; of course they are good bats, say they, otherwise he could not make those tremendous scores. Not until Jack Brooke has been long dead do cricketers slowly realise that the great thing about him was not so much his run-getting, unprecedented though it was, but his bat-making.

This analogy takes us, as the immortal sergeant-major said, from the sublime to the perpendicular, but it is roughly true. Of Bach's other works, we know whence the actual orders came; the weddings, the funerals, the Church's Fasts and Festivals; the record is complete. I imagine that Bach's thoughts ran—"We shall want a new cantata next Sunday," then, with a heavy sigh, "I suppose I must settle down to work." Of course, it is probable that the works, called into

existence by some special occasion, were perfected at leisure, because Bach was too conscientious a craftsman to tolerate any glaring imperfections in his work.

Furthermore, there was something god-like in his fecundity. Like Nature, he crowded every corner with life and beauty, nor did he limit his work to any one branch of composition. He wrote in nearly every form and it is probable that each form benefited by his work in the others. All the seeds that he sowed were not of the best quality; some were merely weeds, some withered and died, but the most grew and blossomed into everlasting flowers. He himself must have known that his work was unequal and in fairness to him we must recognise the inequality. One of the greatest mistakes of modern critics is that, having transformed Bach the man into Bach the demi-god, they accept the best and worst without insight or discrimination. Just as Shakespeare was the greatest professional poet, so Bach was the greatest professional composer, and, having much hack-work to do, he was compelled by necessity to draw upon his professional skill to tide himself over those arid places until his inspiration flowed again. How angry, therefore, would he have been to hear those professional passages, which he knew were bad, praised with as much fervour as those other passages which he knew were quite his best.

Another feature of Bach's workmanship is the speed with which he composed and the leisure with which he revised. Anyone who has tried writing, copying and rehearsing cantatas can estimate the speed with which Bach must have written (and legibly, too), but with Bach a first performance of a work did not mean that it had reached its final form. He did not have to contend against that baleful temptation, immediate publication—a temptation which has been the ruin of so many successful composers whose work passes wet from the pen to expose its shame and pretence in unforgiving, inexorable print.

There is another aspect of Bach's attitude to work which, I admit, is pure conjecture and for which I can produce no evidence. This conjecture is that Bach meant his music to sound as intelligible and straightforward as that of his contemporaries. He was amazed, no doubt, when his friends confessed, either by their silence or their words, that they did not comprehend his meaning and certainly he did not console himself with any fictitious comfort that he was born out of time and that he wrote for posterity. The idea that to be misunderstood indicates that a man is in advance of his time, and therefore a genius, is of recent growth and I feel certain that it was a real disappointment to Bach, as it was to Beethoven, that his music was unappreciated. To him his music was perfectly normal and that

anyone should find it strange must have been in his opinion well-nigh incredible.

II.

Bach stands in the world of art with Dante and Milton, men who had a definite philosophy to give to the world and who, never swerving from their main purpose, were able to expound that philosophy in language of great grandeur and adorn it with thoughts of great beauty. No other composer put such deep thinking into music and no other composer was so extravagant with lovely phrases. Frequently these phrases are thrown aside and ignored; where they fell, there they lie, nor are they ever pressed into use again. To Bach, beauty was incidental to a bigger and grander scheme which his mind was fashioning. To follow one of his extended movements is like going for a walk through lovely country in company with a poet who is also a mighty thinker. Never for a moment is the object of our journey forgotten, but as we walk our host draws our attention to some sights we might have missed—some rare and lovely flower which Nature carefully hides, or else to some sudden burst of scenery through the trees, or some strange pattern traced among the clouds. But still we walk, and when we come to our journey's end we know that we have done some healthful task and gathered every beauty by the way.

Other composers when they create a lovely phrase become so deeply in love with it that they are for ever insisting upon its beauty. To follow a composition by one of these composers is like walking round and round a small suburban garden while one's host expatiates upon the poisonous beauty of the belladonna.

To return to Bach. Some of his movements are a succession of lovely phrases so skilfully woven together that it is difficult to say which is the principal motive or which is the most beautiful. Of such formation is the aria on the G string. In some movements these incidental phrases, though seemingly in the composer's eyes of negligible value, frequently overshadow their surroundings. Let us examine one or two arias from the *St. Matthew Passion*. The first shall be the aria for soprano, flute and two oboi da caccia (No. 58, Novello edition, Elgar and Atkins). Though the opening bars are of pathetic beauty, it is not until we reach letter C that the soul is ravished. At the words "So eternal desolation," the melody hovers over a throbbing bass, then sweeps in a lovely double curve on to a new harmony. This is repeated in a new key to the words "and the sinner's righteous doom," but after that it is never heard again. An even shorter-lived phrase occurs in Aria No. 70—"See the Saviour's

outstretched hands." Here the orchestral introduction is eight bars long and of no remarkable beauty except towards the close, but on its repetition and expansion with the voice Bach enriches it with a new melodic line culminating at letter B in a phrase of heart-easing beauty, which was lying unheard in the original dull fourth bar until called by the composer into audible life.

These phrases stand isolated; they have neither development nor antecedent. With what feverish excitement would most other composers have seized upon such darling fancies; how cruelly would they have overworked them; how thickly would they have hedged them round with expression marks—*dolce, con gran espress., douce, avec une extase sublime*. But Bach appears to know not the value of his jewels or else he is too wealthy and too prodigal to ensure their proper treatment, entrusting them for better or worse to the care of future editors and performers.

III.

To the casual listener, the most striking feature about Bach's music is perhaps the activity of his basses. This activity is noticeable in all movements, be they grave or gay, slow or quick. It is through this fundamental activity that Bach gives his music such irresistible momentum, and causes it to sound so much faster than other music which actually travels through more notes per minute than his own. The basses are always driving against the melody so that each seems to be going faster by contrast with the other, just as two trains travelling in opposite directions seemingly double their own velocity. Mere rapidity of notes, so loved by Thalbergian composers, produce no sense of motion because the harmonic centres, chiefly controlled by the bass or the implied bass, are slow-moving and without purpose. Frequently, in these flimsy salon-pieces, one foundation chord is made to bear the weight of two bars' vapidness and the result is that our minds yawn after a very few bars. But when the bass is continually changing, and thereby giving fresh points of view at every moment, we are kept straining to follow the composer's argument, just as a gifted orator, whose mind is very fertile, charges his speech with so many thoughts that the listeners' minds are kept continually straining to keep pace with his reasoning. Mere verbal fluency does not make a man's speech vital, it simply increases his capacity to bore.

Very rarely do Bach's basses fail, and where they do the music invariably becomes cloudy and dull. The final movement of *Phæbus and Pan* does not sound as charming as its appearance promises because its foundations are badly laid. I have tried to coax conviction

from that movement, but in spite of delicate cajolery, in spite of passionate pounding, it remains, as always, awkward and unresponsive. Another momentary failure of the bass occurs in the chorale-prelude "Nun komm' der Heiden Heiland." Here for one bar (15) the bass moves in an irresolute, niggling fashion entirely out of keeping with what goes before. Probably an early editor is responsible for this slight aberration from the true Bach line.

That these failures are difficult to find proves that it was Bach's first care to provide strong basses and that he did not rely upon furious scales and shakes to provide a factitious exhilaration as later composers have done. This contrapuntal method of composition involves great labour and mental fortitude, because when once the hand has been put to the plough there is no looking back. The composition of a fugue is like running a quarter-mile race; when once the pace has been set there can be no rests or easies, though the strain of endurance may be agonising and the temptation to throw up the enterprise well-nigh overwhelming.

IV.

We will now examine the *St. Matthew Passion* and try to discover how Bach faced certain problems of composition. As a work it must be classed as an epic drama, comparable to "The Dynasts" of Thomas Hardy. It does not move continuously, as do the Wagnerian dramas, but it punctuates the story with reflective arias and choruses and is the very type of drama which Wagner sought to destroy. Though there is a great deal to be said for the Wagnerian drama, and certainly Wagner said it, there is also a great deal to be said for the epic drama. Wagner unfolds his story continuously, like a cinema (we must, of course, ignore the pauses when the film stars exhibit their inanimate faces just to show that, though they behave like human beings, they are really quite without intelligence). In this continuous unfolding of the story we see the emotions as they affect the participators in the drama, but we cannot stop to consider their full significance, nor yet the author's personal point of view. With Bach it is different. We follow the story being unfolded in a series of pictures in which we can see the emotions of the moment perpetuated for all time; or we might go further and say that we can see the emotions of the moment fixed in everlasting marble, so that we can examine the effect of the emotion upon a person, or group of persons, from every point of view. Bach does not let St. Peter pass from the stage at the words, "And he went out and wept bitterly"; but he lets us feel the agonising grief and shame of St. Peter, turning to each one of us the while and saying, "Thou art the man." Then the drama continues.

In setting any long poem to music, such as the *St. Matthew Passion* or *The Twilight of the Gods*, only the few great moments of the libretto are clear to the composer when he begins his share of the work. These great moments cause him no difficulty, for the music they demand springs to his mind spontaneously. The real difficulties begin when he tries to set to music the necessary but dull passages which every long work must contain. Many composers use *recitativo secco*. This has several advantages: it makes each sentence or clause clear and sharply defined, it gives the ear temporary relief, it is capable of creating a different mood in a single moment. Bach frequently, and Wagner occasionally, uses this method of narration; but both found that something else was needful, so each invented a system of thought. Wagner called his system "representative themes." Bach used, without naming it, a system of symbolic figures. In both cases the systems were developed to help the composer, not the listener. These systems are but scaffold-poles which the composer puts up to help his building operations. When the building is completed, the scaffold-poles should be removed. And just as it is no concern of the beholder to know where the scaffold-poles of a noble cathedral stood (though it may be useful to the student), so it is no concern of the audience to know what process of composition a composer used in producing his masterpiece. In both cases it is the final result which is important. To insist upon what the composer had in his mind when writing is to misunderstand the workings of the spirit. It may be true, for instance, that Heine, in his poem "Du bist wie eine Blume," was addressing a pig; yet it does not justify a composer setting it to music in a pig-stylish manner. Nor would string-players be justified in baisting their instruments with boiling gravy while playing Beethoven's last quartet, because we happen to know that he was thinking of his cook when composing it. The thoughts which gave a work birth perished in the act, just as the seed that is sown perishes in giving life to the flower.

Wagner's system of identifying themes with definite emotions has one great drawback, which is that if the drama has but little action and but few words the music lacks variety. In this respect *Tristan* suffers badly as a result of its very perfection. Suppose that Bach had used this system in the *Passion* (he did so once or twice), the music would have been drenched with one or two motives which might be labelled "resignation" or "fear of death." But Bach's system is entirely different. He does not write phrases to symbolise particular emotions or things, but he uses characteristic rhythms and outlines. Thus, though joy is always symbolised by a joyful rhythm, the joy of one motive differs from the joy of another motive in all but general

features. This means that unity of style is preserved without monotony of repetition. To Wagner and his disciples some dominating emotion or personality must be like some tiresome, ever-recurring aunt (let Fanny Price be the patient composer, then the dominating personality is Aunt Norris). This tedious, talkative creature is always coming to call, and we would willingly bury her in the back garden but for the honour of our principles. It is amusing to notice how long-suffering composers, goaded to desperation by some ever-recurring theme, bury it in the bass, hoping that in so doing their hospitality will not be impugned and that the other guests will be relieved from its tedious chatter.

Again, Bach accepted certain conventions which Wagner discarded much to his obvious embarrassment. The two conventions generally accepted by composers in the composition of an extended choral work are: (i) Concerted singing; (ii) pieces set in formal structure.

The first convention is the result of the natural craving for the joy of hearing voices sounding together, and it is a joy, born not of any particular time or fashion, but of some deeply-rooted human instinct. To satisfy this craving composers arranged to have duets, trios, etc., and full choruses to round off periods. Bach adopted this convention because the æsthetic pleasure derived therefrom was great and because it provided a variety of delights with a natural feeling for balance. This convention offends the realists on two counts. First, because two or more people do not talk together at the same time in polite society, and, secondly, because people do not let off their emotional crises in rhetorical outbursts. The first offence has a musical justification, the second requires none, for at the hands of a great composer the arias following these crises are the expression of emotions which baffle our powers of speech in our daily lives. What can the average man say at the tragic moments of life but "How terrible! how appalling!" and what else does an ordinary man say at the moments of exaltation but "How splendid!" or, if he is a very clever young man, "How simply topping!" It is given, then, to the composer to make articulate the real emotions which lie behind these trivialities.

The second convention—pieces set in formal structure—is the result of the eternal antagonism between drama and music. Drama demands compression; music thrives in expansion. To provide both the drama and the music with conditions suitable for their success, Bach gives the drama control of the music when speed is required, and music control of the drama when the tension is relaxed, at which point he was able to let the music run its own course at the beck of its own spirit.

My object is not to throw new light upon the *St. Matthew Passion*,

but rather to use the *St. Matthew Passion* for shedding new light upon our own difficult path. Certainly, it contains the gospel of Sebastian Bach, for into it, through its many years of cerebration and revision, he incorporated the fruits of his life—some pet progression, some treasured phrase, some favourite chorus, some complete vindication of a previously doubtful experiment.

Bach in his compositions established for all time a fixed standard of criticism for all who try to compose good music, and in his life he set up an ideal of unselfishness and devotion for all who sincerely love their art. To posterity he left no textbook for writing nor rules for the conduct of life, but there is no composer who cannot take his newly finished work to this unbiased critic and hear from his silent pages a mute condemnation of some accommodating part-writing, some sterile counterpoint, some featureless bass, some squareness of phraseology, and catch in exchange an audible approval of some strange flow of harmony, some delight in a quaint turn of rhythm, some amazement at the originality and variety of the orchestration. There we have him, but Bach wins on points.

ALEXANDER BRENT SMITH.

THE UNKNOWN MUSSORGSKY

VERY few of Mussorgsky's admirers realise how far they are from knowing his music as he actually wrote it. The bare fact that only a small proportion of his works were published without "emendations" of some kind or other, being mentioned by all his biographers and critics, may have been noted: but it is only by a careful comparison between the revised versions and the originals available in published form or in manuscript, that it will be possible to ascertain, not only the mere ethics of the case, but the practical consequence of the revisers' labours.

It is not intended to put forward, in favour of Mussorgsky, a claim for infallibility. There is no composer who has never erred, now through slackness of imagination, now through carelessness or exhaustion of ingenuity, or even perhaps for want of skill at some particular juncture. Whether Mussorgsky has erred more often than others, and more grievously, is a question which each judge will solve according to his tenets and feelings. But on one point, I think, all will agree: every artist should be judged by his works as he wrote them and submitted them to the world at large; this right, which Mussorgsky never failed to claim in unequivocal terms, should not be denied him.

There are times when a composer is prepared to accept help and abide by the consequences—for instance, the first of Kodaly's pianoforte pieces Op. 7 is published in a revision by Delius: in such cases, nothing further need be said. But Mussorgsky seldom courted advice; and, when he did, always decided himself in the last resort. There is no lack of evidence that many alterations introduced by revisers are contrary to his express decisions.

A case in point is the order of the last two scenes in *Boris Godunov*. His original plan (1868) was to end the work with the scene of the peasants' revolt. Then he thought of placing the scene of the Tsar's death at the end; but, upon his friend Nikolsky's advice, he ultimately reverted to his first notion. Yet, in all the revised editions of *Boris Godunov*, it is the scene of the Tsar's death that is placed at the end.

The evidence with regard to Mussorgsky's desire that his tone-poem *The Night on the Bare Mountain* should stand or fall as he had written it is positive. When sending (in 1868) his score of that work to Rimsky-

Korsakof, he wrote, after describing its plan and stating the reasons which had determined the choice and arrangement of the ingredients :

I should like us two to examine the new-born work together. But let it be clear that I shall never start remodelling it: as it was born, so it must live if it is to live at all.

In my book on Mussorgsky,* I said that *The Night on the Bare Mountain* had been published only after a revision by Rimsky-Korsakof, but that it was impossible to know how far the reviser had altered the original. Later, I was shown Mussorgsky's autograph score with Rimsky-Korsakof's notes, and was able to see that he had altered both form and contents drastically. Circumstances prevented my getting more than a glimpse, so that I am unable to go further into the question. Remembering how terse and pithy *The Night on the Bare Mountain* is in the version in which it has come to us, and considering that treatment of form in instrumental music was certainly Mussorgsky's weakest point, I should incline to think that on the whole, Rimsky-Korsakof's version is far more acceptable than the original would have proved. But a statement of that kind is the thin end of the wedge. And if, afterwards, different conclusions are drawn from a comparison between the genuine *Boris Godunof* and the revised edition, it will be an admission that the whole question is not one of principle, but merely of personal outlook.

A collation of the two editions of *Boris Godunof* (original, 1875; and Rimsky-Korsakof's final revision, 1908, in which most omissions and a few—very few—alterations of the 1896 revision are made good) affords an incredible wealth of evidence as to the lengths to which his personal outlook may carry a reviser in spite of his genuine desire to remain loyal to the memory of a departed friend. Rimsky-Korsakof's straightforward declarations in the Preface to the revised edition and in his "Memoirs of my Musical Life" enable us fully to weigh the arguments in favour of the alterations as well as the consequences of the actual deed. But, however tempting it may be to judge by results—especially when they can be investigated so thoroughly—I believe that nobody who wishes to be fair to Mussorgsky would care to do so.

A curious problem cropped up the day when the late Charles Malherbe, librarian of the Paris Opera, purchased a hitherto unknown autograph manuscript of Mussorgsky containing, among other treasures, versions of three songs (*King Saul*, *Lullaby*, and *Night*; Nos. 6, 7, 8 of the publishers' catalogues) widely different from those that were published. The manuscript, let it be added, consists of eighteen songs in carefully copied drafts, bound together under the title "Years of Youth; a collection of songs by M. Mussorgsky." So

* Paris, F. Alcan, 2nd edition (1911), pp. 102, 103.

that we have to deal with versions which, at the time when they were written (1863, 1864 and 1865 respectively), were considered final by their author.

Of those early versions one, that of *King Saul*, is incomparably more telling and original in texture than the published version; it comprises a wealth of fine bold chords which in the latter are replaced by plain triads whose effect, at times, is conventional, not to say flat. In fact, I believe that many people will agree that of Mussorgsky's published songs, *King Saul* is one of the least interesting: but, had it been published under its primitive form, some of those people might think otherwise.

With *The Night*, the case is different: the harmonies of the published version are changed, and in many respects simplified, but not made more commonplace. One may find the manuscript version racier, and more characteristic of Mussorgsky's imagination: but it is impossible to deny that in its later form, the song (especially in its accompaniment) remains characteristic enough.

The difference is even greater between the manuscript version of the *Lullaby* and its published form. Judging by Mussorgsky's directions, he had intended the *Lullaby* to be sung in the course of the performance of Ostrovsky's play *The Voyevoda*, from which the text is taken. Accordingly, he had provided more music between the verses; and the published reduction to usual song-form, terser and characterised by more abrupt contrasts, is perhaps more effective.

All considerations as to the respective merits of the manuscript versions and the published versions are, however, overruled by the fact that all three songs appeared in 1871. Had Mussorgsky wished to protest, he would have had ample time to do so (he died in 1881). Moreover, until fresh evidence is forthcoming, we cannot even tell whether the versions published were revised by himself, or (partly or wholly) by others. The fact that they were published during his lifetime and with his full knowledge would in any case be decisive.

It is quite possible that, had Mussorgsky lived to see Rimsky-Korsakof's revision of *Boris Godunof*, he might have sanctioned it. In a measure, the changes introduced by Rimsky-Korsakof in *Boris Godunof* are similar to those which we notice in the *King Saul* of 1871: harmonies smoothed and reduced to pattern, with something of the character sacrificed to glibness. But the 1875 edition (never reprinted) of *Boris Godunof* is the only one which Mussorgsky sanctioned, the only one which represents his masterpiece as he had willed it. It is therefore true to assert that those who are not acquainted with that edition do not know the real *Boris Godunof*. I do not intend to consider how much *Boris Godunof* may have gained or lost, from the practical

point of view of production, by Rimsky-Korsakof's revision. There are places where he has rendered the performer's task far easier technically, without sacrificing much, if not of the composer's intentions, at least of the general effect. And, so far as the general effect of a dramatic score is concerned, I cannot help remembering, when I compare certain of Mussorgsky's daring flashes with Rimsky-Korsakof's tame substitutes, a remark made by a very successful French composer with reference to the subtle style of one of his colleagues: "Why rack your brains to decide whether you ought to write a major third or a minor, add a flat or suppress a sharp? Do you really think the public cares?"

In other words: a good many of the changes introduced by Rimsky-Korsakof which are not purely practical do not interfere much with the effectiveness of scenes or passages as a whole. But others remain exceptionable even if one is prepared to overlook the effect of such trifles as the substitution of "a sharp for a flat or of a minor third for a major" and so forth.

The first question that occurs to one is, how did it happen that all those alterations were carried out by an intimate friend and well-wisher of Mussorgsky, and connived at by all?

* * * *

Rimsky-Korsakof held very strict views on musical grammar and diction. In proportion as he acquired experience, he submitted his own works (for instance, *Sadko*, *Antar*, and the lyric drama *The Maid of Pskof*) to drastic revisions. He shared with all his colleagues and with the musical Press and public of the time the opinion that—apart from all questions of technical shortcomings—Mussorgsky was wont to take inadmissible liberties with harmony and rhythm, and, generally speaking, logic.

After Mussorgsky's death, he was entrusted with the duty of preparing his manuscript works for publication. In his "Memoirs of my Musical Life," he writes:

All those works were in a very imperfect condition: clumsy, disconnected harmonies, faulty part-writing; here extraordinarily illogical modulations, there an intolerable lack of modulation; ill-devised orchestral settings: in a word, enough to betoken a presumptuous, ill-balanced dilettantism. Some things were cleverly and artistically carried out, but many more showed technical impotence. Yet most works were so full of good and original things, so novel, so live, that it appeared desirable to publish them as soon as possible.

To publish them without expert emendations would have served no purpose except from the point of view of history and of biography. The manuscripts being preserved at the public library, it will always be possible to publish them with archæologic accuracy should it be

deemed desirable. But what is wanted just now is an edition for practical artistic purposes, one which will show, not his peculiarities and sins against art, but his surpassing talent.

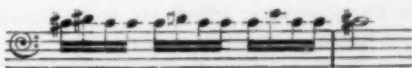
With regard to *Boris Godunov*, he writes :

My remodelling of the work has not done away with the original text. If ever it is decided that the original is better and more valuable than my revision, then my revision can easily be discarded in favour of the original.

Rimsky-Korsakof's genuine desire to render the best possible services to Mussorgsky's memory can no more be questioned than the scrupulous and unselfish care he devoted to his task. Unfortunately, the matter was as often as not one of outlook rather of mere technical knowledge. And between Rimsky-Korsakof's outlook and Mussorgsky's there were wide, irreconcilable differences.

When Rimsky-Korsakof changes the part-writing of a choral phrase, duplicating the soprani with the tenors where Mussorgsky had written the tenor part as merely "filling-in" (original edition, p. 17—revised edition, p. 25), no one would deny that he is absolutely right; and many hundred changes of that kind will be discovered even without reference to the full original score (which is not available).

When he changes a motive from



lation was called for." Perhaps Mussorgsky, had he seen the many emendations volunteered by his editor, would have said something similar. For instance, I am sure that he would have protested against the substitution of chords invented by Rimsky-Korsakof for a certain deliberate effect in the whole tones (original edition, p. 40; revised edition, p. 52), and still more against the insertion of eight extra bars in the transition between Dimitri's exit and the moment when the Simpleton starts his mournful song (original edition, final scene, p. 249; revised edition, p. 290).

On the matter of transitions and preparations, Mussorgsky held very definite views, as a letter from him shows, in which after advising Rimsky-Korsakof to refrain from "spoiling" *Antar* with preparations, he concludes: "O preparations, how much that was good has been ruined by you!" Rimsky-Korsakof was perfectly free, of course, not to agree with his friend's advice so far as *Antar* was concerned: but in his revision of *Boris Godunov*, he does not seem to have realised how important a warning Mussorgsky's letter (written nearly thirty years earlier) conveyed.

It would be a graceless task to specify all the alterations which the comparison reveals, from the meretriciously operatic effect of cheers in the distance introduced at the close of the scene in the garden (original edition p. 183; revised edition p. 184), to the mere changes in rhythm or in harmonisation which are to be found on practically every page. As Rimsky-Korsakof writes, the original edition is available to those who would question the expediency of his emendations.*

As regards *Khovantchina* (Mussorgsky's second dramatic score) things are far more difficult to verify, because the only version published is Rimsky-Korsakof's. The reviser informs us in his Preface that "Mussorgsky had left but a formless rough draft, spoilt in places by consecutive fourths and fifths, in others by the lack of modulations, etc., which it was impossible to publish without emendations."

When *Khovantchina* was produced at Paris, in 1913, it was said that Stravinsky and Ravel had been entrusted with the task of collating the published version with the original, and re-establishing, so far as possible, Mussorgsky's harmonies and tonal plan. But of that revision only the final choir, written by Stravinsky on the themes selected by Mussorgsky for that page (which he had left unwritten) is published.

How far Rimsky-Korsakof, when reducing Mussorgsky's rough draft to order, allowed himself to be carried by his fondness for purity and

* In point of fact, copies of that edition being extremely scarce, a comparison will remain difficult to most people until a fresh edition is published.

regularity, can therefore only be conjectured. His references to the sequences of fourths and fifths which had to be disposed of, and to modulations which had to be introduced, seems to show that he may have taken liberties similar to those which are noticeable in his revision of *Boris Godunov*.

There is no doubt that he felt he was acting for the best. In Paris, a twelvemonth before his death, he remarked, in the course of a friendly discussion with some of those whom he knew to hold the opposite view: "You young people select precisely Mussorgsky's blunders, the few specks of dirt in the otherwise pure metal of his genius, and worship them."

It is very seldom that a complete identity of outlook can exist between two creative artists. Rimsky-Korsakof, on the whole, understood Mussorgsky far better than many a musician of genius understands his contemporaries. Supposing that Beethoven's Seventh Symphony had remained unfinished, and the manuscript draft of it been entrusted to Weber: can one imagine what form his editing would have taken? And can one conceive without a shudder what Berlioz, under similar circumstances, might have done with the Prelude of *Tristan und Isolde*?

* * * *

To know Mussorgsky thoroughly is difficult, not only because he is the one musician of genius among whose works several important ones are not known in the exact form in which he intended that they should be known, but because he has left many works unfinished, some of which are of particular importance for the history of his artistic evolution, others revealing him in an altogether unsuspected light.

That after completing one act of his delightful *Marriage-Broker*, he should have given up the idea of continuing, is a thing ever to be regretted (he never gave any reason for his decision). And by not completing his *Fair at Sorochinski* he has deprived us of what would certainly have been another masterpiece.* The reason he gave, in a letter to Mrs. Karmorlina, was that he found it impossible, as a Great Russian, accurately to reproduce the subtler shades of Little Russian speech. His early opera *Salambô*, left unfinished after part of the music had been written (one-half of the second act, one scene for the third, one and part of another for the fourth, and only a few fragments of the first) is interesting, we are told by both Mr. Karatyghin and

* Fragments of *The Fair at Sorochinski* have been published at various times. Just before the outbreak of the war Mr. Karatyghin had collected and put together all that Mussorgsky had written or sketched; but, unfortunately, no copy of his edition is available.

Mr. Findeisen,* not only as a monument of the first period of his activities, but for many instances of genuinely beautiful music. Its study is rendered even more interesting by the fact that not only motives or separate bits, but whole passages of it, were transferred to *Boris Godunov*.

The fragments written have, I believe, been prepared for publication by Mr. Karatyghin, but not published so far.

Apart from the afore-mentioned manuscripts, a number of notes, sketches, letters and other materials left by Mussorgsky or belonging to his friends remained unnoticed until many years after his death—some, apparently, have never been used at all.

Stassof, who in his biography of the composer was the first to provide information, withheld, for reasons of his own, far more than he gave.

As late as 1906, Mr. Findeisen was complaining in the *Russian Musical Gazette* that Stassof, after refraining for twenty-five years from making use of the manuscripts and correspondence which he possessed, had entrusted them for safe keeping to the Petrograd Public Library, but with the stipulation that they should not be communicated.

Most of those materials, however, are now published. So are Mussorgsky's letters to Balakiref, to Cui, to Rimsky-Korsakof and to many others. But it is only after all that correspondence, now scattered in the files of periodicals almost impossible to procure, all the unfinished works, and the critical essays contributed by the Russian writers named above and several others have been taken into account, that it will become possible to study Mussorgsky the man and Mussorgsky the artist in full.

M.-D. CALVOCRESSI.

* By the former in the *Apollon* (Petrograd), November, 1909; by the latter in an undated pamphlet, "Mussorgsky's Childhood, Youth, and First Works."

This article was written for the April number, but was postponed for lack of space. Meantime a more extended article by R. Godet has appeared in *La Revue Musicale*, which those who are interested will do well to consult.—[Ed.]

MUSICIANSHIP AND THE PIANOFORTE

It is supposed to be the height of the rich but uneducated man's ambition to possess a piano. As a captious judgment, this describes the position of the piano with some accuracy. Available for the home and not beyond the capacity of most people, cheap enough to buy and expensive enough to be respectable, the piano is every man's instrument, the touchstone and standard of music. "I learn music," means in nine cases out of ten, "I learn the piano." Now it is vital that this inaccuracy should not be allowed to continue. At the moment that I write someone across the road is hammering out a poor melody to the accompaniment of divided chords—in triplets—in the left hand. She is one who learns music. To speak the truth, had she indeed learnt music, she might not be able to hammer out the tune, but she certainly would not want to. To learn the piano does not connote to learn music, but to learn music does connote at least the learning something of the function of the piano, which few who learn to play it learn about at all. It is all a question of seeing both the wood and the trees.

There is no doubt that piano teaching stimulates musical interest in a pupil in an exceptional degree, but also (I hasten to add) in a peculiar way, for it does not stimulate pure musical interest (I do not mean interest in pure music, for I do not know what pure music is). The first thing a child discovers when he can play a piece is that he can make a temporarily satisfactory noise, more satisfactory—temporarily—than his brother who plays the violin. At the same time the parents also discover that the pianist-son's practising is a less unpleasant interruption than the violinist-son's, who inevitably seems to be making less progress, that is less progress towards a temporarily satisfactory noise. No other object enters the head of the parents, probably no other (possibly because of the parents) enters the head of the teacher. If the child cannot surpass his fellows in performance, his musical education is abandoned; he is not musical. In other words, dexterity of fingers is set up as a musical standard. In suburban houses the saying, "He has such a nice touch," constitutes the highest praise of—not piano playing, but—musicianship. If he cannot perform he will, ten to one, give up "music"—because the child is not able to regulate his actions according to their eventual result. And so people of imagination invent little games, and fairies, and tricks, to help him through his

exercises and scales, and well-known teachers, urged on by publishers and the possibilities of sale through their own recommendation, write melodious studies as substitutes for arpeggio and other practice, and call them "The Elves' Holiday" or "Summer Evening." The one thing these people of imagination do not realise is the wonderful imaginative power of music, the wonderful range of imaginative interest in that relation between note and note which makes now "Variations on the Bluebells of Scotland" (my neighbour has just got to that) and now the Choral Symphony or "Brigg Fair."

Now of all this it may be said, not quite accurately, that the fault is with the methods of teaching the piano and not with the piano itself. But the piano is by its inherent qualities responsible for the attitude that men's minds take towards it, in the same way as the pointed arch primarily, and only secondarily the artist's conception, are responsible for the difference between Norman and Gothic architecture. The piano has a fatal facility. It has the quality of making a noise satisfactory to the dullest ear: it has flexibility and a great range of subtle tones, it has a large number of notes, it is technically almost perfect, and it needs less musical sense to play it than most other instruments. To borrow a phrase of Mr. Birrell's: the piano is the the best instrument for those who enjoy "the pleasant sensation of thinking without the trouble of thought." It is an admirable solo instrument, a solo instrument, too, that has great accompanying powers. And this point is fairly well grasped by the unthoughtful, for the piano has great social qualities: it effectually commands admiration for oneself, or one's offspring, or one's social position and house. And because of these powers and this facility, and because it is the instrument of sufficient harmonisation, it is a potential danger to the musical and the unmusical alike.

If someone wishes to try over on the piano Cornelius's part-song "Der Tod, das ist die kühle Nacht," he will find that the first section in G minor, the modulating passage, and the contrapuntal last section sound very beautiful even in this limited reproduction, but that the bridge, consisting of a solo recitative for tenor, between the G minor opening and the modulating section will be almost unintelligible, because it depends for its effect in the expression of the human voice. Now it is doubtful if the pianist will, while playing, collect from the parts any notion of how the poem set by Cornelius would read in ordinary type, and it is morally certain that he will gain no idea at all of how the words fit the parts, or even how the parts fit each other. But, because there is a harmonic sufficiency, even in the modulating section which, though resonant and interesting for voices, sounds rather flat on the piano, the words and an analytical survey of the

part-writing are not necessary to the pianist. He hears the minimum, the harmonic sufficiency, and he is not concerned with the discrepancy between the exquisite timbre of blended voices and the far less intense effect of the chords on the piano. But during the recitative, the absence of harmony will worry the player—he will not be satisfied, and though he look at the words and attempt to put some expression in the music, the expression will inevitably be a pianistic reading. He will need considerably more detachment than most pianists possess, if he is to overcome his boredom and read the human voice into the notes. Out of this come three kindred points essential to an understanding of the piano; first, that the sufficiency of harmony which the piano supplies is dulling to musical sensibilities and clear musical thought; secondly, that the sound of a single note is not intrinsically beautiful on the piano*; thirdly, that the piano is pro-harmony, anti-counterpoint.

There is only one comment necessary here, I think, and that is upon the second of the above points, though since they are related it affects them all in some degree. That is the question of the melodic impurity of the piano, of which Stanford makes a good deal in his "Composition." His point turns upon the exact intervals between the piano scale and the notes of the violin's scale as played by an ear possessing the sense of pure intonation. This is indeed an important point, and one that after his eloquent discussion needs no elaboration here. But with it go one or two adjuncts which are worthy of our notice. The piano-trained mind not only becomes accustomed to the convention of equal temperament, not only "may wonder at the silken quality of a string quartet," and "may be surprised that chords (*e.g.*, in Wagner) which sound crude on his piano, lose all their roughness in the orchestra," but becomes accustomed to some other impurities. The pianist has no opportunity of tuning his own instrument, and thus training his ear. The lack is negative, but it leads to this: that a pianist is not often sensible of the differences in pitch between the various pianos he may have to play. It is usually a matter of the intrinsic merit of the pianist, subjective and hidden from view, but it has a direct practical result when a pianist is called upon to accompany a singer. The pianist who accompanies a stringed solo instrument assumes that his opposite number will shoulder the responsibility of pitch, and often, I am confident, will wonder why a certain work sounds different in quality with different pianos without attributing the cause to the varying pitches. (I would not extol unduly the violinist, who is not seldom as ignorant of Stanford's "pure scale" and of variations in piano tuning as the pianist. The violinist, however, is not my mark

* Forsyth ("Orchestration") calls its tone colour "poor and slightly unpleasant."

here : all I say is that the violin is conducive to understanding, while the piano is not.) But a human voice has definite limits to its register, and *G* may be out of the question while *F* is possible. The singer as likely as not, in these days of dependence on instruments, will not be sensible of the higher pitch of his accompanying piano, and he may have to omit his top note or, worse, sing throughout in his bad high or middle register for lack of an accompanist who can recognise the necessity to transpose because of the tuning of the piano. Further, a piano has three strings to a note for about five of its octaves, and two for another of them. The pianist hence becomes inured to the variation in pitch between the three strings struck by one hammer; the "tout ensemble" is satisfactory to him when the individual sounds would not be. Even so does the sufficient harmony of the piano dull the fine melodic sense. Everything, indeed, is against the pianist's developing or retaining a sense of pure intonation.

There remains this. The pianist accepts the convention of the piano's scale, but Stanford's "pure scale" is hardly less a convention, less, indeed, only because it is the product of the best minds working upon the best and most perfect intervals that are accepted by the musical norm. Let us remove the argument about purity or impurity, lest it obscure the issue with the obscurity of its own terms. What eventually the piano-trained mind comes to believe is that his acceptance of tone and semitone is the right one, and that the others are wrong. All other ideas are freaks of some eccentric mind. The piano will never teach him, and will with difficulty permit him to learn, that the scale is a convention, made by men out of the chaos of, say, a violin's portamento from *C in alt.* to *G*. He will tend to believe, as I have found more than one instructed person to believe, that a semitone is the smallest possible, not the smallest accepted, interval and that any smaller interval is "out of tune."

It is often said that the organ spoils the touch for the piano. This I think over-emphasises the superficial resemblance between the instruments to the exclusion of the main issue, which is that the organ and piano, apart from the shape of their keys, are poles apart. To the neglect of this fact in some measure and to the piano-grounding that most organists get may be attributed the lack of imagination that characterises some English organ-playing. Let me, too, for one moment over-emphasise the keyed similarity of the instruments, to comment on the organists' compositions. For special reasons these betray even more than the pianists' compositions the training of their authors : I would hold up as a warning to every pianist who would compose the treatment of voice indulged in by the best known church organists of our time. There are many people who advocate the prac-

tising on the piano of works written for the organ. This is "walking through a part," and as such is valuable, but I cannot believe from my own hearing that the organ is sufficiently understood by its devotees to be able to undergo this risk of confusion without detriment. Nor is the pedal piano a wholly unmixed blessing. Until we fully understand that the organ is not a sustaining piano, we cannot afford to put our heads into any lion's mouth, however tame. On the other hand, I do see an excellent opportunity of drawing analogies between the orchestra and the organ, which no teacher of my knowledge uses to the full. In this way, although from the point of view of the musical purist this idea has its serious disadvantages, I think every pianist, once he is properly warned of the difference between his own instrument and the organ, could profitably study the other instrument to correct some of his mistaken biases.

In composition there are virtually two distinct actions: the conception of the sound you wish produced, and the writing down of that sound so that it can be produced at any given moment. It is doubtful if anyone outside the inmost ring of our musicians is capable of separating these actions. Of course there must be some of *a* in *b* and some of *b* in *a*, as Butler pointed out of his knife and string philosophy. It is a matter of degree. Conception of an effect can never be wholly divorced from the medium for which it is to be written; that is a desirable and obvious example of the juncture of these separate actions. But we may advance in this idea to its derivatives. A musician is apt to get into a habit of thinking of the 6th degree in the scale of *C* as *A* natural, fixed and immutable. No one of my acquaintance has combined this heresy with a sense of absolute pitch, but it is clear that *A* natural, considered as the 6th degree of the scale of *C*, changes its pitch with different instruments. Further, he regards the 4th degree of the scale of *E* as *A* natural. And at the same time he learns from Cummings or Macpherson that the 6th degree of the scale is called the sub-median. It is only one more, and not a very flagrant, example of the absence of correlating power in the human brain, that he does not seize the common factor, the sub-median or sub-dominant, and dispense totally with the idle nomenclature that is constant with an inconstant pitch, and with a note playing a different part in each scale.

The commonest form of erroneous idea about the immutability of the note *A* is that which is engendered by the piano. The pianist rarely thinks of *A* as caused by vibrations of a normal string, nor as being the sub-median of *C*, sub-dominant of *E*, and the rest, but as that particular note which lies between the two upper of those three black notes in the first group of three above middle *C*. This is bad, but "*facilis descensus Averno*," from it comes worse. The victim of this delusion

grows into thinking of chords as immutable and fixed. He regards



more as a chord held by the right hand in a certain position (only describable by a lengthy and dull periphrasis) than as the second inversion of the major triad on B \flat . Let us proceed further still. He meets a passage of this sort :—



he still regards this chord as a pleasant six-four (but then one has to be so careful of these six-fours!) on F : not as the inverted sub-dominant triad of the key he is in. I am not concerned with what the pianist knows or what he can do. I am concerned only with how he thinks in music, and there is a tendency to thinking in this muddle-headed way. Often when I read a novel I subconsciously project into the scene of an incident features which are not described as being there, and even, I have found, contort a description, to square it with some familiar (how oddly recalled!) scene of my childhood. So does a pianist hark back to the instrument of his upbringing.

One practical example may be given here, and partly for its own sake. I have discovered many people, among them those who have learned harmony and counterpoint, attempting to transpose by adding to every note of every chord the discrepant interval between the new and old keys. This is the mathematician's method, and I admire the power of calculation it necessitates. But the musician's way is to transpose each chord from its old position as relative to the original key to its new position as relative to the new key : tonic triad to new tonic triad, six-four on the dominant, suspended six-three on the sub-mediante, to their own same places.* Not that calculation is not sometimes necessary; it is only Butler's knife and string theory again.

The marshland where flourish particularly the rank weeds of the

* These remarks apply so conspicuously to the reading of an orchestral score that it is hardly necessary to mention it.

pianist's vices is of course improvisation on a keyed instrument. On this Stanford has a danger-signal paragraph, which I will venture to quote at some length. Improvising, he says,

is a fascinating amusement, which can have the most dire results. It is the sworn foe of construction, and the ally of slipshod workmanship. It aids and abets that most undesirable method of composing, writing at the pianoforte. The instrument should only be used as a test of work done, never (with one exception) as a suggestive medium for the materials of a work. That exception is the technical laying out of passages primarily intended for the instrument, as a violin player would, if he were a composer, get suggestions from experimenting with passages on the violin. . . . No composer of the first rank ever wrote at the pianoforte, or hammered out melodies with his fingers. One who did (not of the first rank) showed the mark it left at every turn. . . . Meyerbeer is a sign-post of this danger of trusting to the pianoforte as a medium of inspiration.

There is an additional disadvantage (the principle of this applies *ceteris paribus* to the organ), that the medium of the piano becomes the habitual one; in other words, becomes eventually the medium of the musician's musical thoughts. His thoughts shape to ivory keys, not sounds. His harmony becomes conventional. His sounds become measured by the piano's sounds. He lays out his work to suit two hands. He thinks in percussion, not in strings or wind. He becomes immersed in his own habit of thought—the world of music is shut in the conscribed space of a grand piano's lid.

But, further, an improviser is rarely heard to use counterpoint; if he does it is usually *quasi*-counterpoint. And the reason is that improvisation more than almost any other use of a keyed instrument fosters the vertical rather than the horizontal view of a score. I think this is caused partly by the difficulty it gives to the human mind to regard as a consecutive whole a part which is divided unequally between two hands. Certainly in the example quoted below it is hard to consider a part as flowing when a different finger for convenience' sake plays each note of it.



There is, of course, another big reason for this wrong reading of scores, namely, the melodic insufficiency and harmonic sufficiency of the piano, particularly treated above. To the ear, and therefore to the eye and brain, a skilled piece of counterpoint is satisfactory for its harmonic sufficiency. Thus this:—

for III *Coronatus, Der Tod, das ist die kühle Nacht*

would sound on the piano virtually this, enhanced by some pretty passing notes:—

for II

I have heard of children, and grown-ups, stopping in, say, Bach's "Inventions," because of an accented passing note, which made a discord with the Canto Fermo. Many of the tunes in the English Hymnal are discounted for this same reason—that they sound ugly on the pianoforte mainly because of the "passing notes" because, that is, of the bogey of vertical reading.

This attitude in a man is bound to affect his laying-out of music for voices, strings, or orchestra. Beginners in harmony are taught that the bass and treble are the important parts, and are often left to devise means of laying out the other parts. They at once look for assistance to their familiar instrument, and the exercise becomes a piano piece in four parts, intended for voices. (I think the harmony master rather than the harmony book is at fault here, but I would make especial exception of Buck's *Unfigured Harmony*, which directs many of its exercises to be written for orchestral instruments.) A similar difficulty besets the beginner at instrumentation, whose work is often as pianistic as that of his humbler brother, the harmony student. So much has been written about this pianistic instrumentation, the first fault of the orchestral student, that the general question need have no comment here. There are, however, certain special points which may justifiably occupy our attention.

There are the questions of difference in playing technique between instruments, of difference between tones in the upper and lower registers of different instruments, and thirdly, of the harp. I take the violin as an example of the first. "The difficulty of taking skips on the violin," says Forsyth in his "Orchestration," "as indeed on all the string and wood-wind families, has been somewhat exaggerated by the fact that writers always tend to measure these difficulties by the peculiar mechanical standard of the *pianoforte*. The student, therefore, if he be a pianist, should try to rid his mind of all *a priori* views on this point derived from his knowledge of pianoforte technique." More need not be said. For the second point: the discrepancy between the bass tones and the treble tones of all pianos, particularly bad pianos, becomes so familiar to the pianist that he always has some difficulty in comprehending the exact values of the bass and treble of his orchestral instruments. Confusion is especially common with the lower instruments: Forsyth notices it in the viola, and double-bass, and uses the excellent word "tubby" to describe the effect of the piano's bass tones. In this aspect the treatment of the bassoon needs careful consideration. The organ as much as the piano is misleading about the tone values of different registers, especially in the pedal registers and in "borrowed" stops. The piano and organ therefore need as much discrimination in their use as any other instruments—which they rarely

get. The third point is that the piano is misleading to one dealing with the orchestral use of the harp. On this subject Forayth says the last word when he points out that the harp is an ornamental addition to the music, "the pianoforte passage is the music." It is clear what Forayth means, though his phrase would not bear too close a scrutiny. However, it leads us to one further consideration, namely, the idea in the pianist's mind of the texture of orchestral music. The pianist is accustomed to a percussion instrument, which provides rhythm for him by percussion. The tendency will be for him to make his instrumental writing too fussy, because he will expect a similar providing of rhythm from his violins, wood-wind, and even brass. (This is noticeable in writings and arrangements for brass, though often its origin is other than the use of the piano.) In other words, he will be unaccustomed to handling sustaining instruments, and his misuse of the organ is in part due to his lack of comprehension of its rhythmic possibilities. I will reinforce my position by the mention—bare mention is sufficient—of the arpeggio and the barrel organ.

Stanford gives the advice to students of composition that "it is always a sound test of a picture to photograph it, and of an orchestral piece to arrange it for a monochrome instrument such as the pianoforte. . . . We shall miss the 'top-dressing' and no more." One may admire the idea of this, and yet think it open to considerable misinterpretation: first, because it allows for form and design only, and secondly, because there is already too strong a tendency to use the piano both as a test and as a substitute for reading music. I will not here attempt to discuss the question in the light of Dr. Vaughan-Williams' article "The Letter and the Spirit"; I merely believe that the practice of reading music, and especially full scores, needs a considerable fillip, and that the substitution of the piano is detrimental to the composer's mind, to the appreciation of instrumental and vocal music, and to the proper understanding of the pianoforte. Of one thing I am confident, that the attempt to test choral music by the pianoforte is useless and even dangerous. Vocal writing is not at its highest to-day, and it needs consideration as a wholly separate art. To introduce the piano is to introduce confusion.

HUBERT J. FOSS.

THE JOY OF PACE IN MUSIC

MORE than once lately the jaded musical critics have spoken gratefully of the rhythmic zest of this or that new work. They have been able to find a good word for this aspect of the work while disliking or little esteeming every other. This happened in the case of the final movement of Bela Bartok's new violin sonata. A more recent example was afforded by Prokofiev's third pianoforte concerto, and an earlier one by "Le Sacre du Printemps." Music always evolves unevenly, now counterpoint, now melody, now rhythm, now harmony occupying for a period the centre of the composers' consciousness and banishing the others to one of the outer circles and bidding it there wait its turn. It may be that, having tried our hand at all the others, we are now on the eve of a new exploitation of rhythm, which certainly cannot be said to have progressed as far from its primitive starting-point as any of the other factors of music. There are hundreds of years between the four-bar melody of a folk-song and the fifty-bar melody of the opening theme of Rachmaninov's second piano concerto or some of the far-flung melodies of Chopin's bigger works; and there are a couple of thousand years between the rudimentary magadising and haphazard polyphony of the Greeks or the Orientals and the harmony of Scriabine or the counterpoint of Bach. But our rhythms have advanced so little beyond those of the dawn of music that a savage, if he could make nothing else of the D major "Pomp and Circumstance" march or the "Faith" theme of César Franck's symphony, would probably find it quite easy to march to the one and beat time to the other.

It is not at all improbable that, finding their advance barred for the moment along other lines, composers will for a little while seek some outlet for the new spirit in rhythm. Harmony has become so over-copious that it is almost more of a hindrance than a help to most composers: they do not know what to do with the riches at their disposal. A new polyphony is in process of birth, but no one knows yet what the interesting infant will be like. Perhaps we ought not to speak even of anything so advanced as a process of birth: process of gestation would be nearer the mark; and owing to over-eagerness, poverty of constitution, and other causes, miscarriages have been frequent of late. It is hard to see what further advance is possible

along the lines of the old counterpoint. No doubt we shall have to scrap most of the older polyphonic ideals and begin afresh, slowly beating out the new polyphony from the raw material of modern harmony as the older polyphony was slowly beaten out from the raw material of the primitive harmonic sense. There are plentiful signs that, in sheer despair, composers are going back to the methods of early musical man. It was only the other day, for example, that an inspired French writer admiringly described Honegger's method in his latest orchestral work as consisting of making a number of melodies each for its own sake and then playing them simultaneously on the various instruments and trusting to their combining of themselves into some sort of sense. One seems to remember that the histories speak of our present counterpoint as having had its origin in some such blind gamble with a blinder chance; and we can only hope that the new polyphony will not take as long to find the best methods of procedure as the old did, and will not, in the process, inflict upon the world such hideous abortions of tone as the first practitioners were compelled to do for a time.

An effort at a new simplification is visible everywhere in music just now. A work like Stravinsky's *Wind Symphony*, for instance, may sound complex to some ears, but its apparent complexity is really only a sort of bewildered simplicity. We see the same effort at simplification again in such a work as Malipiero's string quartet, which, compared (on the technical side) with a quartet of Brahms, is very much as one of Kuhnau's Biblical Sonatas to "Ein Heldenleben." It is precisely this despairing simplification of musical means in the hope of discovering a new musical expression that may lead to fresh developments in rhythm; for if we are going to reduce music once more, for a time, to its primitive elements—short-breathed melodic phrases, a sort of "natural" harmony, and a rudimentary catch-as-catch-can polyphony—obviously the most primitive factor of all will stand the best chance, and that factor is mere measured movement. The development of new metres, new rhythms, and a new pace will be assisted by that shedding of the old seriousness that we see around us everywhere to-day. The old lies, intellectual and moral, of the race—lies that did good service in their day, and were no doubt as necessary to the soul's stability as the village commune or slavery or the feudal system was at one time or other to political and economical stability—are one by one being found out. The new humanity will be less superstition-ridden, less theory-ridden, less fear-driven, than the old. Who can say how much of the old tragic feeling that has given us so many beautiful reflections on the misery and the pathos of life was due simply to bad teeth, bad eyes, bad cooking, and bad sanitation, and whether it will be

able to survive much longer against the doctor, the dentist, the engineer and the week-end habit? Rarely are men as ill as they think they are, and the artist especially is apt to make a hobby and a pet of his mental and moral *malaise* because of the æsthetic satisfaction he can get from it, and the flattering interest it gives him in the eyes of others. Very often, one suspects, an artist has thought his work was the cry of a broken and a contrite heart when it was only the wheeze of a broken and a contrite stomach.

Humanity is undoubtedly becoming more of a purely joyous physical animal than it has been for scores of generations; and in proportion as it feels the joy of purely physical well-being it will want to express itself, in music, by means of sheer pace. It is curious how little expression this pure joy in motion—the most natural and fundamental of all human joys, the instinct in us that makes us dance and play games and love to see a ball rolling or a wheel going round—has so far found in music. A collection of the music that delights us by the mere exhilaration of pace would occupy, at most, a few inches on our library shelves. I am not referring to *movement* merely—all dance music gives us that—but to *pace*, the sheer exhilaration of speed, the secret of the joy of the motorist and of the airman, the sense of conquering space and annihilating time. It is one of the most primitive delights that music is capable of giving us, and one of the rarest to be met with. I know of no composer to whom it was so absolutely native, the very breath and pulse of his being, as to Rossini.

It is, perhaps, a Southern rather than a Northern gift. This is not to say that the music of the Northern races is lacking in physical vitality or the joy in motion. Chopin's melodic flight is often very swift; Scriabine sometimes gives us a curious feeling that our feet have left the earth and we are being blown about delightedly in the upper air; and the reader will be able to extend the list for himself. But hardly ever in this Northern music do we get the joy of physical movement unalloyed. No melodies could be freer in their flight than some of Chopin's—those of the first Ballade, for example, or the F minor Fantasia; but we cannot say that the impulse at the back of these is just the simple joy in rapid motion.

No, it is to the Latins that we must go for the pure delight in pace *qua* pace. Domenico Scarlatti gives it us here and there. Some delightful examples of it will be found among the forgotten Italian comic operas of the eighteenth century: musicians who heard *Le Astuzie Femminili* and remember the incredibly nimble-footed *ensemble* there will know what I mean. When this delicious work was given by M. Diaghilev, several critics placed it in the same *genre* as the lighter operas of Mozart. That would have made a musical amateur of

Cimarosa's day raise his eyebrows in a surprise too overwhelming for words. For all his ease and grace, Mozart never attained anything like the sheer speed of such movements as this of Cimarosa; he could never forget his German ancestry enough for that, deeply as he had drunk of the Italian springs. With the lapse of time, all the composers of an epoch come to have much the same appearance to the casual observer; the day will no doubt come when Strauss and Brahms look as much alike to the man in the street as Bach and Kuhnau do to him now, or Mozart and Cimarosa. But their own contemporaries would draw sharp distinctions between types like these. We have only to read Stendhal to get an inkling of the difference between the Italian and the German way of looking at comic opera as late as the early part of the nineteenth century. It is clear enough that for music-lovers like Stendhal—and he was typical of his generation—Mozart was much slower-footed than the representative Italians. This is the explanation of his (and others') frequent charge against Mozart of excessive "science," of over-learned harmony. They felt that the Northern preoccupation with harmony acted as a check on the free run of melody. It seems amateurish, absurd, to us now; but the distinction was a real one for Italian audiences of that day.

The Southern delight in movement for pure movement's sake came to its culmination in Rossini: it was no doubt more than anything else the physical vivacity of his music that made it so popular all over Europe. Never before or since has music known such joy in mere pace. Everyone knows the Tarantella, and the "Largo al factotum" from the *Barber of Seville*; but there are many other delicious specimens of the Rossinian pace hidden away in comic operas of his that are now forgotten—partly, one surmises, because we no longer have singers capable of singing them. Take up the score, for instance, of the delightful *Il Signor Bruschino*, and you will come across about half a dozen movements that have the same bubbling spirits as the "Largo al factotum," movements in which the sheer joy in motion finds expression in a spate of semiquavers. If ever there was a happy child in music it was Rossini; and it is because of his unclouded childlike joy in sheer pace that those who know his music find it so exhilarating a change to-day from the broodings and self-searchings of Romanticism. I was reminded of him the other day when I saw a child dancing on a pogo-stick in Kensington Gardens. "What would you give," I said to my companion, "to feel like that about life, to find in sheer objectless movement an ecstasy that you would not exchange for all the philosophies and all the works of art in the world?" Well, Rossini constantly felt this ecstasy, "felt like that about life." I, for one, await eagerly the coming of a new

Rossini, some one who will do for modern music what Rossini did for the old, someone who will help me to sweep the mind of its tiresome lumber of thought and find refreshment in the pure joy of motion and pace. He will be able to achieve this, no doubt, only in the way Rossini did, by simplifying his harmony almost to the point of bareness, so as to have no impediment to the gallop of his melody and rhythm. That is why I think the present tendency to all-round simplification in music will throw up a new Rossini before long, for there are less obstructions in the way of a new rhythm than in the way of a new harmony or counterpoint. Civilisation is all of a piece: without a Napoleon there would have been no Rossini; it was only when the soldier had blown out the doors and windows of the stale old European mind and let the fresh air into its musty corridors that the musician could find room to run and dance in like a happy child. It is incredible that the epoch that has developed the motor-car and the aeroplane should not also find its appropriate musician.

ERNEST NEWMAN.

PAUL VERLAINE

NOTHING is so mysterious as that force by which a creative artist is able, through the medium of his own personality, to create out of old material new worlds, new sounds, new sights. We have doubtless all come to the conclusion years ago that all the arts are one. In Paul Verlaine we certainly have a poet, a painter, a musician, and a remarkable philosopher.

When one has outgrown the emotion of finding that trees, scents and sounds remain unchanged in the country from childhood till the grave, one is somewhat disenchanted to find that this great Nature speaks with the same eloquence to everyone and anyone through countless generations. It is an unimaginative beauty. Only man's point of view can vary it—it knows no variety of its own.

The sensuous beauty of Verlaine's language, his intimacy and simplicity, have made new landscapes for me. I look at them from the windows of trains; trees, water, shadows have always been, but the arrangement of them is his. In this is he a painter. To put that note of poignant regret here, of cruelty and harshness there, to carry you along with him in some rhythmic beat so entirely typical of his own expression, in this is he a musician. To find in him a companion and teacher and wander with him through village, suburb or town, and see through his personality the very chimneys or stones develop a significance and personality of their own, is to understand what creation means.

Most people content themselves by reading "Sagesse," which certainly may contain some of his finest work. Nevertheless, the way to judge Verlaine's greatness is to live with his works near you. He has that terrible but wonderful quality of intimacy and simplicity which only a prodigious nature possesses. Probably no poet has ever been so completely and disarmingly human. He can sit with me alone by my fire, tasting the simple pleasure of the light from the lamp, the books, the tea, and making the ordinary things appear wonderful, as in "L'Attente." He can walk with me in the garden, and there, with the scent of great hot-cheeked roses and scented shrubs about, and the brilliance of a summer sky, show me the autumn rust staining the

leaves and the anguish of love that passes and beauty that mocks us, as in "Spleen."

I can go with him, too, through bleak, wind-swept country, desolate and black, and see machines and sweating humanity dwelling in hovels, as in "Charleroi," and in that picture I can see that black, sullen Nature, apparently passive but in reality malignant, actively conspiring against all those who would dwell there; choking even the children, insidiously, persistently.

Or he takes me to some fantastic palace, and there we watch humanity, and laugh until we cry; sometimes it is disguised as a great king, sometimes as a jester, even as a god, but at all times it is pathetic, rather ludicrous with noble beginnings and senile endings.

Verlaine makes no *grand geste*. He is of the mob and of the gods. He need make no popular appeal for either. How odd it is that his biographers cannot drink with him, fail with him, laugh with him, but invariably try to explain him away! Verlaine the man is the cause of Verlaine the poet, painter, musician and philosopher. His old and disreputable body was the chalice that contained all the emotions life could offer; and these he transmuted into his superb work.

IRENE DEAN PAUL.

UNACCOMPANIED SONG

UNACCOMPANIED song is so old an idea that it has practically become new again.

In the last few years there has been a handful of singers who have specialised in the singing of folk-songs; some of them have gone so far as to narrow their specialisation to the folk-songs of a single country, or even a single district, and to give recitals of those folk-songs and no others. Of the latter at least one singer of to-day gives a programme of such folk-songs entirely independent of any accompaniment.

Many people prefer folk-songs to be sung in this way; and, undoubtedly, there are many of them that were never sung to the accompaniment of any instrument until our folk-song enthusiasts, excavators of the past ages, unearthed them, transcribed them, and made pianoforte accompaniments for them. Sometimes the accompaniments have been a real joy alike to musicians and to poets, sometimes they have been dull, and sometimes even superfluous or inappropriate. But up to the present time the songs that have been sung without instrumental accompaniment have been folk-songs, and nothing but folk-songs; and for the sufficient reason that there were no other songs to sing without accompaniment, unless they were to sing without accompaniment songs which had been conceived by their composers *with* an accompaniment, and without which they would therefore be incomplete and unsatisfying.

When monodic music was introduced in the sixteenth century, that is, when the idea of centering the melody in a single voice, instead of distributing it among several, was conceived, by Vincenzo Galilei, in Italy, what it was that he conceived was a vocal melody carrying the poet's words, and accompanied by the lute—an instrument upon which he was a proficient performer—with sometimes the addition of a viol to sustain the bass. His idea aroused considerable opposition from the cognoscenti, and from the composers of the polyphonic music of the day, but, as Vincenzo Galilei was a determined person (apparently not less so than was his son Galileo Galilei, the astronomer), he rushed into the controversy and published a treatise on the subject that did not exactly pour oil on the troubled waters. He was not without followers, but it was nevertheless about a hundred years

before Monodia came to be generally recognised throughout Europe as a legitimate form of art composition. The form that was recognised consisted of the vocal line supported by one or more accompanying instruments, and it must seem to people who regard the human voice as the most expressive of all musical instruments a singular thing that from then until now no art-song, as differentiated from folk-song and part-song, has, so far as I can ascertain, been written in Europe with the deliberate intention in the composer's mind that the single voice should be heard alone, independent of accompaniment, should be *thought* without it, should be complete in itself without it.

The earliest instrumental accompaniment was nothing more than single notes played in unison with the voices, as in the Church of Rome in the time of Saint Gregory the Great. The primitive organ of that day, the sixth century, could, in fact, only be manipulated for single notes; but that was no disability, seeing that harmony was not invented until some four hundred years later. It is, therefore, not unlikely that the original reason for using instrumental accompaniment for the singers was that they could not sing in tune without it. That, surely, is an insufficient reason for our never hearing the unaccompanied human voice to-day, when it is no longer difficult to find singers who can sing in tune.

It would be a fascinating pastime to trace the growth of instrumental accompaniment to the voice down the ages—beginning, say, with the portable organ with its dozen notes, playable only one at a time; passing on to the accompaniments devised for the lute, psaltery, monochord, and viol as used by the Troubadours in Southern France in the eleventh century; the clavichord of the Minnesingers of Germany in the twelfth century; the more elaborate accompaniment devised by the Meistersingers during the fourteenth and two succeeding centuries, written for the viol, the cither, and the lame harp, if one may so describe the harp without pedals. I have already referred to the lute and viol as being used in Italy at the latter half of the sixteenth century, and to those instruments may be added the theorbo. In Germany, in the first half of the seventeenth century, we find the Italian harpsichord used for accompanying the voice; and, in the latter half of it, our own Henry Purcell was writing accompaniments for organ or harpsichord, with violin or flute, and occasionally with the oboe. These instruments, or groups of them, remained the ordinary accompaniment for song until the arrival of the all-conquering pianoforte towards the end of the eighteenth century. It would be no less interesting to follow the growth of piano accompaniment as it developed under the hands of the great masters, taking such a series as Beethoven, Schubert, Schuman, Brahms, Fauré, Debussy. Nor

would it be unprofitable to take a flying survey of the masters who have added volume to the orchestral accompaniments for the voice, say such a series as Purcell, Bach, Gluck, Weber, Berlioz, Richard Wagner, Richard Strauss; in a word, to trace accompaniment from simplicity, as represented by the primitive organ, up to complexity, as represented by the glorious thunder of the modern orchestra. We could see how the volume of complex instrumental sound, that we now devise and handle, has involved the transfer of fineness of interpretation *from* the voice (that most expressive of musical instruments) to the web of orchestral sound we have woven about it.

We may ascribe this latter tendency to the ever renewed striving of the composer towards a completer expressiveness; in this case, by the widening of the base, so as to gain a greater expressiveness from the whole, even though it involve the sacrifice of the apex. This is, however, quite a different kind of expressiveness to that to be derived from song itself, as may be seen from the fact of the poet's words being freely sacrificed to the expression in music of the idea underlying them. I use the word "song" here in its strict sense, *i.e.*, the vocal melody with the poet's words from which it sprang; the form and character of the one presumably determining the form and character of the other.

In unaccompanied song there is no reason why every word of the poet should not be heard; in fact, there is every reason why it *should* be heard, and at its full value. There is, of course, a subtle music in the mere sound of the poet's words, but it may be made ten times more poignant when crystallised into music—if it be the right music. This supplies a convincing argument, were one needed, for the selection of nothing but fine poetry for the purposes of song. Stripped of all instrumental disguise, indifferent verse would be intolerable.

There has in the past been a curious scepticism among poets as to the capacity of music to express their meaning adequately; and that is, perhaps, one of the reasons why they were at one time somewhat chary of putting overmuch meaning into their "Verses for Music"—a dull title that frequently belied itself. The prime essential for fine song is fine poetry; and as the very nature of the thing debars the composer from his usurped privilege of drowning the verse in the torrent of an accompaniment, the writer of unaccompanied song need not hesitate to ask the poet to give him of his best. Assuming the balance of interest between the melodic line of the voice and the poet's words to approximate to equality, and assuming the balance between the vocal line (*i.e.*, the melody carrying the poet's words) and the accompaniment written for the pianoforte—the accompanying instrument in ordinary—also to approximate to equality, we are

obviously, in discarding accompaniment, returning to the poet his just share of the one-half of the interest, instead of the something less which the growth of accompaniment in importance has compelled him to accept as his accustomed portion in the art-song of to-day, but of which his verse was the original inspiration. It is scarcely, therefore, surprising that poets should welcome the idea of unaccompanied song with enthusiasm.

The idea is scarcely yet more than started among composers; but signs are not wanting that the present few writers of unaccompanied song will not long have the field to themselves. Every composer who takes it in hand will naturally have his own ideas as to what is suitable for the purpose of the unaccompanied song, just as he already has his own ideas as to what accompaniment is suitable for the voice. It is probably still possible to compose a song on the lines of folk-song—that is, with the successive verses of the poem sung to the same melody; but with the greater freedom of the form in which modern poetry is cast it seems more probable that the form of the music will be allowed to develop naturally from the form of the poem, its intensity ebbing and flowing with the rise and fall of the significance of its poetic content.

I think it was George Moore who wrote that "in works of the highest inspiration the artist is detached from his subject." The act of musical composition is a mysterious process; but I think we may go further, and say that *any* composer working for the love of his art is, in the process of composition, detached from his subject. In the composition of song-in-a-single-line he will be concerned, sub-consciously or otherwise, with the concentration of all he has set himself to express, within the compass of the single line of the voice. That is, of course, no simple task, though it is by no means impossible for the result to appear simple.

The ideal accompaniment, whether for one instrument or several, has to-day its definite functions beyond the mere sustaining of the voice. It creates atmosphere, it emphasises and decorates the vocal line, and it explains the musical content by illuminating the harmony that underlies the vocal line. If, then, we are not to be the losers when we dispense with accompaniment to song, it follows that this song-in-a-single-line must create its own atmosphere, contain its own ornament, and be composed in such a way as to demand no extraneous harmonic explanation. It must, in short, be complete in itself; otherwise we shall have an uncomfortable feeling of something being lacking. In an outline-drawing one has no impression of anything being lacking; indeed, the character and quality of the artist's line are capable of suggesting not only form in three dimensions, but also

the utmost subtlety of expression. It is for us to ascertain how far outline-music is capable of the equivalent.

Any singer contemplating the study of modern unaccompanied song will naturally ask himself what are the special qualifications necessary for its interpretation. Every qualification of the fine singer is necessary, and one thing more—a little more courage. Beyond this, there are perhaps just two things that may require special study: one is the sensitive feeling for line and balance, and the other is the faculty of concentration. The props upon which so many singers have made a habit of relying will have been taken away, and the voice asked to stand alone, independent, free. When slavery was abolished, many of the slaves were alarmed at the prospect of their proffered freedom. Some singers will be no less nervous. An unaccompanied song gives greater freedom, not only to the singer's individuality and to his mood of the moment, but it also gives greater freedom to the imagination of the audience. Everybody brings a certain imagination to the appreciation of any work of art, and the effect made by it varies both in kind and in degree with the imagination of the listener. The effect of any song, even when explained by an accompaniment, varies on that account; and the effect made upon different listeners by the same *unaccompanied* song may be expected to vary even more.

It would be unreasonable to expect an audience, accustomed to the running commentary of the instrumental accompaniment, to grasp at once the whole significance of song-in-a-single-line; and one need not, therefore, be surprised at some people jumping to the conclusion that it has none. Everybody has his own way of listening to a song; and not a few apparently think the best way of missing nothing is to divert half their attention from the singer to their programmes, in which they verify, with apparent intentness, every word that the singer is singing to them. As one can count upon hearing the words of songs sung without accompaniment, there is no excuse for printing the verses in the programme. The audience will then, perhaps, concentrate its faculties upon what it is hearing, and hear all the better. Now, when we discard accompaniment to song, the thing that we are going to hear better is the voice. Heard without accompaniment, it reveals the possession of an arresting quality, easy to appreciate, but not easy to define. It is something utterly different from that of any other musical instrument, and more so than can be accounted for by the mere contrasting of the character of the different qualities of tone. To some listeners the unaccompanied voice will reveal intimate beauties never before heard by them, while other listeners will find that known beauties of the voice become more beautiful in its more vivid expressive-

ness. The fact of its being able to make use of the poet's words for the perfecting of its own melodic expressiveness, differentiates the human voice from all other musical instruments, and differentiates also the character of its expressiveness from the character of the expressiveness of all other musical instruments.

So exceptional an instrument is surely worthy of exceptional treatment at the hands of the composer, and it is not too much to expect that as he grows accustomed to thinking along the single line of the voice he also will find in it new beauties, new possibilities, that will become part of his vision. It is not expected that the vision of the composer will immediately seize all the elements that go to make song-in-a-single-line a complete and vital thing: we are only at the beginning to-day. But if, as some of us believe, song-in-a-single-line be capable of expressing the poet's words in modern musical idiom, of creating its own atmosphere, and of giving the impression of completeness, then, I think, we have in it an art-form that offers us a singularly plastic means to sensitive musical expression.

HERBERT BEDFORD.

AT A BALLAD CONCERT.

1.

Were my ears sealed, and could I see
Her strength and glory as she sings,
Her cheeks aflame with ecstasy,
Her eyes that pierce the depth of things;

Then would I rise and call her blessed,
And in my silence I would praise
The power of beauty manifest
To us in these unlovely days.

If I were blind, and cou'd but hear
The song she now is singing, sung
In words that meant nought to my ear,
In some strange unfamiliar tongue;

Then would I lay low at her feet
My heart and soul, the all of me,
For she would make my dungeon sweet,
And in my darkness I would see.

But O! in him who hears and sees,
The frenzied rage for her to stop!
Torture, to hear on lips like these
Such unimaginable slop!

2.

The song she now is singing.

WHERE THE ORCHIDS GROW.

Can you tell me where the orchids grow?
For I see the children pass this way
With purple sheaves, and long ago
My hands were as full as theirs to-day;
So for old sake's sake I would go again
And ransack the meadows as I did then.

Where the orchids grow I cannot say,
For they come from a meadow that lies concealed,
And none but the children can go that way;
They call the meadow the Rainbow Field.
But where that is I do not know,
For I am old and I may not go.

Alas! You may search till your feet are sore,
But unless your heart is undefiled,
You will never find the orchids more—
You must first become as a little child.
For only to such is the place revealed,
Where the orchids grow in the Rainbow Field.

ALEXANDER GRAY.

THE HARPSICHORD

Old Dance Music has an inexpressible pathos; as I listen to it I seem to be present at long-past festivities, whose very haunts are swept away and forgotten. Every lovely fancy, every movement of delight, every thought and thrill of pleasure, which music calls forth, does not die. Such as these become fairy existences; spiritual creatures, shadowy but real, and of an inexpressible delicate grace and beauty.

SHORTHOUSE ("John Inglesant").

To understand and interpret old music we must know thoroughly how to use the instruments of the period. How often a piece which has sounded hitherto grey and monotonous becomes clear and full of point when it is played on the instrument for which it was written. We get back again not only the appropriate colour, but the right tempo and true character—in fact, its whole construction.

WANDA LANDOWSKA.

ONE fine morning in the summer of 1904 a van drew up at our door and from it emerged Arnold Dolmetsch and a harpsichord. He had previously asked me to play in Bach's Double Concerto in C major with Miss G. Salmon at one of his concerts in Clifford's Inn. As I had no knowledge of the harpsichord, it was a case of "fools rushing in." However, all went well at the concert as far as the *ensemble* was concerned, and the result was that it fired me with a desire to possess an instrument of my own.

For a time I worked on a Kirkman, dated 1775, which was lent me by the late Miss Taphouse, of Oxford; it was ultimately sold to Mr. R. L. Cox, an enthusiastic amateur, and is in his possession at the present time. In 1908 I bought the harpsichord I am now using in the *Beggar's Opera*, a beautifully preserved specimen of a Kirkman, dated 1789. Both these instruments were restored by Charles Hersant, who was at Broadwood's for over 30 years, and is now working privately as a restorer of antique instruments. He has a raven, called Jack, which he keeps in a cage in his garden; as the bird sheds his feathers, they are hung up and dried and kept for future use, unless he chaws them up, which he is apt to do. As he is fed on raw beef, in order to make the quills hard, he is very savage, but quite docile with Hersant. The

case of my harpsichord is mahogany, inlaid with satinwood and olivewood. It has the usual number of stops—machine, lute, octave, harp, buff and unison—and formerly it had an imitation of the Shudi Venetian swell, which worked with the right foot. But it was a clumsy arrangement, since it lifted part of the lid up, and if great care was not taken it was easy to let it fall, and the result can be better imagined than described; it also looked very ugly. Anyway, I could make no effect with it, and so had it removed. It did not compare favourably with the Shudi swell, and I can make my contrasts by registering (combining the different stops). It is supposed to have belonged originally to Dr. Philip Hayes, who succeeded his father in 1777 as organist of Magdalen College, Oxford, and Professor of Music in the University. His great-great-nephew, Mr. A. M. Broadley, of Bradpole, Dorset, sold the harpsichord to Mr. Arthur F. Hill, of Bond Street, from whom I bought it. Dr. Philip Hayes had the reputation of being one of the largest men in England, and in this respect his descendant resembled him. He is known chiefly for his Church music, but he composed music for masques, and one, "The Maid of the Oaks," was dedicated to the Duchess of Marlborough and performed at Blenheim in 1788. A minuet from this masque, called "The Lady Elizabeth Spencer's Minuet," is quite beautiful and a great favourite with our audiences, and when possible I accompany the dance on the harpsichord, which it suits perfectly.

During the run of the *Beggar's Opera* the old instruments have aroused a great deal of interest and hundreds of people have spoken to us and asked to look at them. It is curious how many people will call the harpsichord a spinet. One wonders if it is because the best spinets were made by English makers. Be that as it may, it is astonishing how few people, even musicians, know anything of the instruments which preceded the pianoforte.

The questions one is asked most frequently are:—

Is this a spinet?

Which was made first—the virginal, spinet or harpsichord?

What touch do you use?

What is the use of the two keyboards?

How is the sound made? Is it a little hammer?

It is impossible to show the mechanism of the harpsichord in a few moments, and that is absolutely necessary in order to understand it, as the following anecdote will illustrate. Some years ago Ruskin went into the shop of the collector Taphouse, of Oxford, to ask for a copy of some comic songs by Jolly Nash, which were very popular at the time. Previous to that, Ruskin had written some scathing articles on the taste of the undergraduates in art, which Taphouse resented. So

he at once said: "Before I let you have them, I would like to know what you intend to do with them. If you mean to bring them forward as examples of the taste of the undergraduates in music, I will *not* let you have them." Ruskin laughingly assured him this was not his intention; he was curious to see what the songs were like, as he could not understand why they were so popular.

This conversation led to a request from Ruskin to see the old keyboard instruments which Taphouse possessed. In the room over the shop were a Shudi and Broadwood harpsichord, dated 1781; a Hitchcock spinet, dated 1749; and the celebrated clavichord by Hass,* of Hamburg. These were kept side by side. Taphouse explained and showed the mechanism of each instrument. Ruskin was much interested and remarked that he had learnt more in that short interview than from all the books he had read on the subject. He often repeated his visit, when Miss Taphouse played to him.

As I only have a few moments in which to reply to the numerous questions which I am asked, they usually resolve themselves into the following:—

No, this is not a spinet, but a harpsichord, which is a glorified spinet. It may easily be recognised, as it is like a harp couchant. The spinet is smaller and wing-shaped, with no stops or pedals, and only one keyboard. The virginal is smaller still and can be easily carried about. They are all "plucked instruments." The clavichord is quite different. When the key is depressed a little tangent of metal pushes the string upwards, both "making" the note and sounding it. It is the only keyboard instrument amenable to the vibrato.

They were all made side by side, and to prove that harpsichords were in use before Shakespeare's time, in the Privy Purse expenses of Henry VIII. there is an entry: "1590 (April)—Item, the vj daye paid to William Lewes for 11 payer of Virginalls in one coffer with iiii stoppes . . ." This is one of several entries. Orland Gibbons also proves that a harpsichord was then known, as the piece called the *Queen's Command* from the *Parthenia* (published now by Augener) is written for two keyboards. It is a brilliant little composition with long scale passages for alternate hands—quite different to the contrapuntal style which one naturally associates with the Elizabethan school, and which is suited to the harpsichord.

As to touch, an equalised finger touch with balanced arm is necessary. I am a follower of Ludwig Deppe, who was the originator of the weight touch, but he was extraordinarily particular about fingers. As he put it—"the mighty rushing torrent is the fashion, but who

* One of the illustrations in Hipkins's book.

can do the wimpling, dimpling, streamlet?" The pedal, too—"the lungs of the piano," he called it. The more one plays the harpsichord the more critical one is regarding the pedal. I must not wander off on methods and systems, but must add that the fundamental exercises which go with the "Virgil Practice Clavier" are invaluable.

The unprecedented success of the *Beggar's Opera* is due to the old tunes, which are in our blood. Clever as Mr. Gay's libretto is, if Dr. Pepusch had written the *tunes* it would not have had the same hold on the public. We owe him a debt of gratitude. Even in the Overture, the only number he wrote, he took for his theme "The Happy Clown," and except a song by Purcell, a march by Handel, a snatch sung by Macheath, and Henry Carey's "Sally in our Alley," all is British folk music, charmingly harmonised and orchestrated by Frederic Austin. There are 69 tunes in the *Beggar's Opera* (and 69 in *Polly*, the sequel to it). Many of the tunes are in "Playford's Dancing Master," and with their original words and sung to the dance they are most attractive. The country dances from "Playford" were first revived by me in 1906, when "All in a Garden Green," "Chelsey Reach," "Heartsease," "Sellinger's Round," "Dargason," and "Kemp's Jigg" were performed for the first time (as far as I know) for over 200 years. One never tires of the beautiful old tunes, which are accompanied by their equally beautiful dances, but the history of these would occupy many pages. They are slowly gaining in popularity. It is 16 years since I gave the first performance of the dances of the suite—"Allemande," "Sarabande," "Courante," "Chaconne," etc.; but, to paraphrase Mr. Gay, "We did not take them up (as 'tis the fashion) coolly and deliberately for honour or money, but we love them."

The repertoire of "broken music," as it was formerly called (i.e., a combination of different kinds of instruments) is very limited. Few are published. But the trios of Rameau, edited by Saint-Saëns, and the trios and sonatas of J. B. Loeillet are interesting and effective. All our other trios are in MS. and especially arranged for us—only us. For viola d'amore the sonatas of Ariosti are published, transcribed by Saint-George, also transcriptions by Waefelghem of Marin Marais, Martini and Milandre. Apart from Bach, the repertoire for the gamba is also limited. There is the sonata of Henry Eccles (edited by Alfred Moffat) as well as much beautiful seventeenth and eighteenth century music by John Barrett, William Boyce, Arne and others.

There is no doubt that the viols blend much better with the keyboard instruments which preceded the pianoforte. It is said Purcell did not care for the viols and wrote a sonata for the violin, now quite well known. All the editions of the Musical Antiquarian Society and the

Purcell Society have the instrumental pieces in full score for the modern string quartet—a great boon, as we can copy these charming excerpts and play them in their original form. The accompaniments to Bach's concertos are also written for string quartet or quintet, but in playing them with harpsichords we find it necessary to place the strings well behind the harpsichords, otherwise they would be too strong.

To conclude, I cannot do better than quote Sir Hubert Parry: "All the Elizabethan and early Jacobean music, whether choral or instrumental, has a national and consistent flavour—whether it is the kindly subtlety of Byrd, the nobility and warmth of Orlando Gibbons, the geniality and humour of Morley, the tender sweetness of Dowland, or the fantastic ingenuity of John Bull, it always rings true and is the direct outcome of the national temperament."

NELLIE CHAPLIN.

BOOKS FOR REFERENCE.

- The History of the Pianoforte.* J. H. Hipkins. (Novello.)
Old English Instruments of Music. F. W. Galpin. (Methuen.)
The House of Tschudi the Harpsichord Maker. (Constable.)
Illustrations of the Dances of the Suite. (Curwen.)

EIGHTEENTH CENTURY ITALIANS IN DUBLIN

RIGHT through the eighteenth century Italian musicians found their way to Dublin, and invariably realised a golden harvest. Yet it is strange that none of our musical historians have given details of these artists or of their performances in the Irish metropolis from 1701 to 1800. This *lacuna* it is now attempted to supply, in a summarised form, from a careful study of contemporary Dublin newspapers.

Vincenzo Galilei, in his *Dialogo* (1581), quotes from Dante to the effect that the Italians got the harp from Ireland; and it is of interest to note that the pianoforte, invented by Cristofori in 1710, was merely a keyed Irish harp in a case.

As early as March-June, 1711, the famous Nicolini delighted Dublin audiences in *Rinaldo*, *Camilla*, and *Pyrrhus and Demetrius*, at Smock Alley Theatre. He also gave a benefit performance in aid of the Blue Coat Hospital, and handed over the proceeds, amounting to £39 15s. 10½d., to that institution. Notwithstanding this generosity, the Governors of the Hospital, at their meeting in December, 1711, passed a resolution that "the use of the Hall for such performances had given great offence, and that it should never again be employed for Music Meetings, or public diversions of any kind."—(Minutes of the Hospital.)

Italian music had considerable vogue in Dublin after the visit of Signor Benedetti, who gave sixteen concerts during the months October-December of the year 1725. Three months later Madame Stradiotti favoured the town with a series of Italian concerts and while in Dublin she married Signor Carlo Gambarini. The following quaint notice of her marriage appears in the *Dublin Weekly Journal*, No. LX., May 26, 1726 :—"A Marriage was celebrated on the 20th of April last at St. Nicholas' Church, Dublin [the little Catholic Church in Francis St.], between Madame Giovanni Stradiotti and Mr. Carlo Gambarini, of a Noble Extraction from Italy. Both are Famous, the Lady for her Singing, and the Gentleman in all sorts of Polite Literature and Arts called Liberal."

In 1728 the Dublin Academy of Music was founded, and, on November 30, 1731, the new Hall was opened "for the practice of Italian Musick," under the direction of Signor Arrigoni. Two years later, in December, 1733, Lord Tullamore brought over the famous

Signor Geminiani, whose pupil, Dubourg, was Master of the State Musick in Ireland. At Geminiani's concert on December 17, 1733, Mrs. Davis, who had appeared in the first London performance of *Acis and Galatea*, sang Italian songs.

In October, 1735, Signora Maria Negri, who had been engaged by Handel for his oratorios, came over to Dublin, on the invitation of the Academy of Music, and was the "star" in a series of musical entertainments. The advertisement which appeared in the *Dublin Evening Post* of November 4-8, 1735, is worth reproducing:—

"We hear the Town is like to be Diverted this Season in a far more elegant manner than heretofore, a Society of Gentlemen having engag'd the best Voices and Hands in the Kingdom to perform, on every Saturday night, Serenatas, Oratorios, and Pastorellas, alternately as occasion shall require; and, accordingly, on Saturday the 25th of October the House in Aungier St. opened with a Serenata, which was so universally applauded by all Gentlemen of Taste that the like was repeated last Saturday night [Nov. 2]. As these Entertainments are conducted and managed by the direction of Gentlemen Lovers of Musick, which truly raises the soul to a more than ordinary pitch, so it is expected that these performances will be the most entertaining of any we have had in this Kingdom; and in order to render the expense as easy as possible we hear the Price is confin'd to that of a common Concert."

Evidently the stay of Signora Negri must have proved remunerative; and her benefit, on December 1, when the prices were 5s. 5d. and 2s. 6d., was a huge success, the performance being "by command of the Duke and Duchess of Dorset." On this night the piece was a pastoral opera, *Aminta*, composed by Tommaso Albinoni.

"Geminiani's Great Room in Dame St." was the venue of several Italian concerts between the years 1733 and 1737, and, on February 28, 1738, "Signor Putti from Italy" had a benefit concert, under the patronage of the Viceroy and his Lady, the Duke and Duchess of Devonshire. Signor Putti announces himself as "having arrived lately from England, where he accompanied Signior [sic] Farinelli in the Opera."

Geminiani continued in Dublin from 1737 to 1740, giving concerts and lessons, and putting finishing touches to his well-known *Harmonical Guide*. His portrait was painted by the brilliant Irish artist, James Latham, in 1738.

A more remarkable visitor to Dublin, in November, 1740, was Domenico Scarlatti, who, doubtless, had come to Ireland on the invitation of the Roseingraves. It would seem, from an advertisement in *Faulkner's Journal*, that this distinguished composer had been

taken ill not long after his arrival in Dublin, and that he had suffered "a long confinement by sickness." Consequently, he was accorded a benefit concert at the Crow Str. Music Hall on February 18, 1741, when Dubourg and Worsdale lent their services. From various causes this concert, which had been postponed from February 7, was not as successful as had been anticipated, and, hence, on March 21, a second benefit was given to Scarlatti, who left for London in April.

In 1742 Pasqualino and Signora Avoglio delighted Dublin audiences, as did also Signora Barbatielli. A few years later Signor Palma attracted large houses, while, on December 8, 1747, Signor Putti was accorded a benefit at Fishamble Str. Music Hall—for ever associated with the first production of Handel's *Messiah*.

Nicolo Pasquali came to Dublin as conductor for Sheridan's Band in October, 1748, and remained there till 1751. During his stay he produced three masques—*Triumphs of Hibernia* (November 4, 1748), *Temple of Peace* (February 9, 1749), and *Apollo and Daphne* (April 14, 1749). He conducted the first performance in Ireland of Pergolesi's *Stabat Mater* on October 3, 1749, and he produced his oratorio of *Noah* on March 27, 1750; revived and revised on January 21, 1751.

Signor Giov. Bapt. Marella arrived in Dublin on September 29, 1750, and remained there for four years. He gave many performances on the viola d'amore, and thrilled numerous audiences by his renderings of solos by Tartini and Vivaldi. Another brilliant Italian musician, Signor Guadagni (male contralto), was in Dublin in 1751-2.

On November 13, 1750, the famous Castrucci landed in Dublin, and had a benefit concert at Fishamble Str. Music Hall on February 21, 1751. In the bills he is described as "Twenty-four years first Violin to the Opera House, London," and he gave much satisfaction by his performance of "a Concerto by his Master Corelli"—a really wonderful *tour de force* for a man of 83! He died a year later and the following notice settles the question as to his death in Dublin:—"Last Saturday morning [February 29, 1752] died, aged 84, the celebrated Signor Pietro Castrucci, last Scholar of Corelli, who was for 25 years first Violin to the Opera in London, and at five this evening is to be interred at St. Mary's; and, on account of his great Merit, will be attended by the whole Band of Musick from the New Gardens in Great Britain St., who will perform the Dead March in Saul, composed by Mr. Handel" (*Faulkner's Journal*). In a succeeding issue of the *Dublin Journal* we read that Dubourg was chief mourner and that the whole of the State Musick attended: "the Funeral was attended by a vast concourse of people." A week later it was suggested that a monument be erected to him "on which would be engraved the music of Corelli's Jig, surmounted by a bust of Corelli," but the project came to nought.

Andrea Caporale, the eminent Italian 'cellist, came to Dublin in September, 1754, and remained in the city till July, 1755. Another Italian, Signor Fiorentini, gave solos on the tromba marina in the season of 1754-5.

According to "Grove's Dictionary," Carlo Arrigoni "is supposed to have died in Tuscany about 1748"; but the fact is he was conductor in Dublin from April, 1758, to 1762, and, in June, 1768, he conducted an Italian Opera Company in Edinburgh.

Geminiani had a benefit concert in Dublin on March 8, 1760, and played several solos with tremendous spirit for a man of 86! Mrs. Delaney, Handel's friend, was present with the Lady Lieutenant (the Duchess of Bedford), and wrote a very interesting account of it. Two years later he died, on Monday, September 17, 1762, and his remains were interred in the Churchyard of St. Andrew's, near College Green. In the parish register of St. Andrew's we read, under date of September 19, 1762: "Buried, Francesco Geminiani."

In December, 1761, a company of Italian Burletta performers arrived in Dublin, including Minelli, de Amicis, Zinzoni, Tioli, Lucchi, Ricci and Genovini. They played periodically from January to July, 1762, but owing to financial difficulties Minelli was imprisoned.

The very successful pantomime of *A Trip to the Dargle*, in December, 1762, derived much popularity from the skilful arrangement of Irish airs by Signor Louis Emanuel di Palermo, notably "Haste to the wedding," afterwards introduced into *The Elopement*.

Another Italian Burletta Company gave a season in Dublin, in 1764, conducted by Signor Gurrini. Among the pieces performed was Pergolesi's *La Serva Padrona*. Signor Antonio Minelli (who had been released after a two years' imprisonment) joined the company. At Christmas of the same year the Giordani family, including La Spiletta, enlivened the Dublin people, as did also Signor Perretti. *Gli amanti gelosi* was enormously popular. Another Italian addition was Gabrieli Leone, "Professor of the Mandoline and Viol."

The Passerini family arrived in the Irish metropolis in 1762 and remained in the city for nearly 30 years. Quite an interesting account of this family is given in John O'Keefe's amusing "Recollections."

Tenducci's first appearance in Dublin was in July, 1765, and he was supported by Signor Peretti and Signora Cremonini. His *Pharnaces*, on July 8, 1766, was much appreciated, but a few weeks later he got into much odium by inducing a young Limerick lady, of good family, to elope with him. However, a year later he married the lady (Dolly Mansell), having previously (June 27, 1767) read his recantation of the Catholic Faith in the parish church of St. Brigid's, Dublin.

His benefit concert, at Fishamble Str. Music Hall, on March 2, 1768, was a big success, and he remained in Dublin for the remainder of the season, giving concerts and singing lessons at his lodgings in Dame Str.

Italian operas were given in Dublin in 1776 and 1777, when Pinetti, Peretti, Passerini, Fochetti, Cardonelli and Signor St. Giorgio found much favour. In 1778 Ranzzini and Signor Patria were heard at the Rotunda Concerts.

From 1773 to 1783 the celebrated violinist Pinto was one of the chief figures in the musical life of Dublin. He died in the latter year and Mrs. Pinto returned to London. Signora Sestini, a charming buffo, sang in Dublin in 1777 and again in 1784.

Giordani had the distinction of training John Field, whose *début* took place at his master's benefit concert on March 24, 1792. Moreover, this Italian composer was honoured by his Dublin musical brethren by being elected first President of the Irish Musical Fund "for decayed musicians," in 1787—a society which was incorporated by Act of Parliament in 1794 and is still flourishing. Giordani died in Dublin in February, 1806.

An Italian lady pianist, Signora Polletti, gave a concert in the Rotunda on May 17, 1792. In the same year Signora del Caro captivated the citizens by her dancing of the hornpipe, to which she gave her name, and which long continued a favourite.

W. H. GRATTAN FLOOD.

THE PUBLIC SCHOOL, AND BEFORE IT

MANY years ago I was driven to consider how to teach music in a Public School by the pathetic comment of my first pianoforte pupil at Haileybury, who, turning rather wearily on the music stool, remarked, "Music's all rather alike, Sir, isn't it?" The naïve remark proved fateful, for it forced a serious consideration of what "music" could possibly mean to this quite intelligent boy, who came to be taught how to play the piano. Thence followed more fundamental questions:—Should "music" be taught at all in a Public School? If so, why? how? What is its function as a school subject; or, in other words, its relation to the rest of the curriculum? Has it any true educational function?

The conclusions to which I was driven in finding the answers have made it seem well worth while to spend twenty-one of the best years of life in trying to make certain that a day shall come again in England when it shall be impossible for any intelligent Public School boy, learning a solo instrument, to feel about music as my young pupil felt.

This day is far off, and the visions of youth and dreams of maturer years seem still an unsubstantial pageant—and yet things are moving. At present only some 20 to 30 per cent. of Public School boys are reached by the educational activities of the excellent musicians usually in charge of the subject. These are the boys who belong to the Chapel choir and the choral class and who learn solo instruments. This 20 to 30 per cent. are often admirably catered for and encouraged. The schools of to-day are turning out a large number of really musical amateurs. This is easily verified by anyone who can remember Oxford or Cambridge music forty years ago, and has the opportunity of comparing it with the present undergraduate musical activities in these Universities. In several of the most famous Public Schools piano lessons no longer come out of playtime, but are taken in school time, a rotary time-table being so arranged that no boy misses, during the term, more than one lesson in any one subject.

One of the most encouraging signs of the times is the growing recognition by headmasters of the value of music during school years, both as awakening intelligent interest in boys and also as an antidote to materialism and the future misuse of leisure. Music no longer seems to be a despised interest, or a rather shameful lapse from the

normal, as in days when a contemporary composer had to take several lickings at Uppingham because music MSS. were found in his study, and he was caught red-handed.

The 70 to 80 per cent. who do not belong to the choir or "learn music," i.e., a solo instrument, are usually left more or less in the wilderness, save for attendance at school concerts or voluntary attendance at special musical functions.

Music has no place in the curriculum of English Public Schools. Individuals sing and play in the choir and orchestra, and pay extra fees to be taught solo instruments if they care to do so. Outside concerts, house competitions, etc., are all, as it were, ornamental flourishes decorating the pages of school life. Personal enthusiasm on the part of music masters or boys may, and do, have great results for the naturally musical.

Is this all that can be hoped for or desired? Can music, as an educational subject, claim nothing more? Has it no valid claim to a real place in the school life of every boy, regardless of his personal inclination—such a place as, say, French or arithmetic, which *all* boys have to learn, whether they or their parents happen to be, or not to be, interested in languages or arithmetic?

After many years of experience, experiment and observation among hundreds of schools and tens of thousands of children of all ages and of both sexes, it is my firm conviction that even if all individual instrumental teaching were dropped out, and every Chapel choir disbanded, yet the true "teaching of music" could be so accomplished that it would compel recognition as a fundamental educational subject: that is, a ready means of developing (1) a natural power of the body which no other subject can develop, and (2) of giving a mental training of the same order that language study gives, and of giving it in such a way as to interest and appeal to children at an age when language study is, to the large majority, quite meaningless. It is during the period between three and thirteen that time can be afforded for music without any eventual loss to the usual subjects, because, rightly handled, it uses already existing interest and physical powers of the child itself in evolving mental powers directly useful later in every intellectual activity. Such powers as, *e.g.*, quickness of perception, concentration of the attention, power to follow an ordered thought-sequence, power to perceive and use rules while inventing and developing an idea of one's own by means of them, the power of working in harmony with others while following one's own line.

I am aware that this is a tremendous claim to make and that to allow it will eventually involve nothing less than a revolution in our outlook and practice, as these affect boys and girls up to the age of

about fourteen or fifteen. But I am prepared to stand by my belief, if my readers will have patience to follow me in some considerations which apparently lead rather far away from English Public School music of to-day.

I believe that in making what they called "Music" the twin-foundation with Gymnastic of their education, the Athenian Greeks knew perfectly well what they were about; and that this amazing nation understood how to follow the normal sequence in developing mental power, as we have never yet understood it in theory, though in practice we seem to have got near it in Elizabethan times. Music to the Greek did not stand alone, but was one of the whole group of the rhythmic, or pattern-making, arts, which they collectively called "Music," viz. :—

Literature as an art, as embodying creative and imaginative instinct (fairy-tale, fable, myth and poetry), i.e., the designs in which man expresses his emotions and experience of life in terms of language through perception, delight in and mastery of verbal material;

Architecture, sculpture, drawing, painting and handicraft of all kinds, i.e., the designs in which man expresses his emotions and experience of life in terms of proportion, symmetry, balance, light, form, colour, pattern and construction, through perception, delight in and mastery of the use of visible and tangible material;

Music, i.e., the designs in which man expresses his emotions and experience of life in terms of sound, through perception, delight in and mastery of the use of voices and instruments;

Dancing and the Art of the Theatre, i.e., the designs in which man expresses his emotions and experience of life in terms of balanced movement, mime, song and speech, through perception, delight in and mastery of the use of various conventions in treating the body and the voice, and also the finished product of all the other arts, as his own raw material.

The other great subject in the training of the Greek boy was "gymnastic" for the body. In this respect our English Public Schools have little to learn, and are justly proud of results.

How if the Greeks were as right about the intellectual foundations as they admittedly were about the bodily training of the boy? Can it have been pure accident that one small part of one small country produced men of mental power of the first order, used in so many different directions, and in numbers totally disproportionate to the population? Had their educational methods nothing to do with this? The rediscovery of the fruits of that blaze of genius in almost every branch of human endeavour in which Greek civilisation culminated, fertilised the whole thought, art and literature of Europe, and brought

about the birth of a new order; but it seems to have resulted, as regards educational methods, in producing that dazed condition in which it is impossible to see the wood for the trees.

It is one of the strange ironies of history that those who most cling to the classic tradition and have given years of loving and laborious work to studying the *results* of Greek education have been and often are still the strongest opponents of any attempt to use the *means* the greatest Greeks commended in the educational practice of their time and race. This commendation of the use of "music" or the arts did not refer to the training of artists, but to the training of character and mental power, and a high standard of citizenship. Space does not allow more than a passing allusion to the similar questions suggested by the intellectual, scientific, political, naval and military achievements in recent years, of the only modern nation trained through fifteen centuries in artistic perception so deep-rooted, far-reaching and subtle as to be comparable only to that of the Greeks. The Japanese certainly do not seem to have lost mental grip in developing themselves as a whole race of art lovers.

It is my conviction that in leaving out or cutting short that careful training of the senses through the arts during the years before adolescence, which the Greeks used as the foundation of their education, we have broken a natural psychological sequence, and have thereby created most of our educational difficulties. The effort to hasten the development of the reasoning powers has led to overcrowding of the curriculum, too early specialisation of very clever boys, much needless sacrifice of the natural powers of many children and a deplorable waste of their school time.

Training of the senses through the arts can begin to satisfy at a very early age that basic instinct in developing in man his need to make designs, to see and reproduce pattern, to feel rhythm and harmony in all that he learns and does. It is an instinct that appears to be the authentic mark of life; for in and through pattern the whole created universe, from the stars in their courses to the microscopic beauty of the snail's palate, lives and moves and has its being. It is not enough to look at, to hear about other men's designs, even if we can see that there is design in Homer's verse or in Beethoven's Mass in D, which, after all, takes some seeing. The small child hardly thinks or reasons, discriminates or criticises at all if he is let alone. He stores up experience through the senses, looks and feels, tastes and touches, listens and imitates, crawls and climbs, runs and jumps. No one thing is more surprising to him than another; the appearance of a dragon is just as possible as that of a fire-engine. But of everything that he experiences he is, as it were, taking and storing up endless

"undeveloped negatives." Long years afterwards some experience, a word spoken, a look, a sound, may suddenly develop a whole series of these negatives and relate them; the result may be the discovery of steam power, or that a long-dead parent or acquaintance stands out suddenly understood and judged. The senses in early childhood are acute and fresh as they never are again. The great difficulty of teaching adults to read and write is that they find it so difficult to distinguish the letters and signs from one another—differences as obvious to a child of three or four years old as those of a cat from a dog.

We all recognise, perforce, that the first occupations and training of the nursery and kindergarten must follow the natural lines of the child's development. But there is nearly always a prepossession in favour of trying to stimulate the power to read and write, and to pass on to more intellectual matters as soon as possible.

The natural process of development to which the Greeks gave free play by careful training of the sense perceptions through the arts, we, in our system, interrupt suddenly at the Preparatory School age, when the small boy has to begin his eight or nine years' sustained effort not to learn Latin—an effort crowned with conspicuous success in the large majority of cases.

This may be, and probably is, quite useful character training, as is any long struggle against heavy odds. But it may be given at too great a cost, tending to form and crystallise the settled habit of inattention. Invaluable time is being spent in trying to hurry a process unrelated, as yet, to any assimilated experience; and the desired result is postponed as inevitably as would be the case if a gardener tried to force open a flower bud. Meantime, the opportunity is being lost of training through the habit of artistic treatment, or design-making, in regard to the mass of sense experience already assimilated. It seems that the Greeks knew better, and kept the bias right through the "Preparatory School period," or even later, on sense training through the arts; so allowing the boy to acquire with ease and delight abundant first-hand material on which the intellect and reasoning powers would necessarily be exercised as they develop; giving to the mind both the habits and the material enabling it to make deductions, to synthesise facts, relations and processes, and to perceive truths in principle and in the relation of things. Such mental habits are needed, whatever may be the special studies of the adolescent period.

In all artistic training emphasis is naturally thrown rather on the way of doing a thing, than on the thing done. For it is the way in which a thing is said or sung, painted, embroidered, modelled or acted which determines whether it is or is not a work of art. The

artist, so far as his own art is concerned, is the supreme master of method. The artistic way of doing anything, from building a cathedral to organising an office, from writing a poem to cooking a dinner, is always and for ever the antithesis of "muddling through."

As to the direct relation of this kind of training to the usual and necessary subjects in the curriculum, it is worth pointing out in the single instance of music what can be and is to some extent being done under present conditions, not because music stands alone in its educative power, for each one of the arts has its own office for all and its special appeal to some.

Children of from four to six years of age—not picked children, individually taught, but whole classes of them—to whom a lesson of fifteen minutes a day is given, can learn to hear and name any note of the scale in relation to the key-note, can read simple passages in crotchets and minims (and this, often before some of them can recognise the letters of the alphabet), can sing rhythms which they see written on the blackboard, and if they hear a rhythm played on an instrument or tapped with a pencil can tell what it is they have heard—they can do all this besides learning to sing quantities of good tunes. If this training is consistently continued, giving about twenty minutes three times a week up to the age of thirteen or fourteen, the children learn to listen to simple music very much as a musician listens. They can read vocal music fluently: can write at dictation tunes in rhythm and pitch: many of them will be able to give the names of a series of chords (dominant, tonic, etc., with inversions) played slowly on the piano: if a tune is written on the blackboard they can look at it, detect modulations and sequences, learn it by eye and sing it when it has been rubbed out: they can also write down in musical notation the metre of passages of poetry. They can make and harmonise little tunes, while children who do not learn the piano, can yet find their way about it, harmonising and transposing tunes. I have seen a considerable number of pairs of children in one class arrange together on a blackboard a series of modulations suitable to an eight- or sixteen-bar tune; after which, with the board in sight, one child improvised a tune following the modulations, while the other accompanied her. To put the matter in a nutshell, the children so trained have developed a sense of hearing such as is usually possessed only by persons with special natural gifts for music, and have learned a language and a notation common to all white races.

I have often heard the value (meaning utilitarian educational value) of music brought into question. In answer to this, it is only necessary to draw attention to the habit of concentrated attention acquired to enable children to take part in the following musical exercise, which is

only one of many of the same kind, and is a great favourite. The teacher plays the rhythm of an eight-bar tune and the children write it down in shorthand in the following way:—They do not begin to write until the first bar is finished, and they keep one bar behind the teacher throughout. This means that they are writing down something that has already been played, while at the same time listening to and memorising a new bar which is being played.

We all know that a very large number of children leave the elementary schools only able to read so imperfectly, that unless their work is of a clerical nature they almost lose even this. If anyone wants to know what they read, he will get unpleasant information by studying certain of the Sunday newspapers which circulate almost exclusively among the families of "working" men on their only day of leisure. The bulk of these papers consist of scores of paragraphs recording sordid crimes. Their power of writing is perhaps a trifle better, or, at any rate, is better kept up, because they are obliged to use it in so many little ways.

If the balance of time given that now exists between the two groups of subjects, reading, writing and arithmetic on the one hand, and English, handicraft, singing, drawing and cooking on the other, were reversed up to the age of about ten or eleven, it is my conviction that, during the remaining three or four years, reading, writing and arithmetic could be taught. They could also be carried to a much more satisfactory point, provided that in the much shorter time given to them during early years the approach had been in the right order.

Ordinary writing is only a specialised and rather dull form of drawing; but it is important that the *symbols* used, both in this and in reading, should have become quite familiar to the eye. Arithmetic, except in concrete and applied forms, is a purely abstract thing, and is related to nothing in the child's experience. All good teachers begin it with an abacus or in some other concrete way; but it is again important that the figures should be very familiar, and that the multiplication table should be learned as a form of drill, for use later. Short periods are quite enough to secure these foundations; while the lessons in either woodwork or pattern-drawing on a geometric basis will be full of arithmetical facts, which can safely be left for the child to synthesise later. During the earlier years the children will also have taken part in dramatic performances, and have learned quantities of poetry.

But the supreme importance of all this lies in the fact that, even if they do not, in later life, care to read much, and have little occasion for writing or opportunity for arithmetic, other and important avenues will have been opened to them, connecting them with the world of

educated fellow citizens. There will have been time to teach them to speak their own beautiful language properly, both in song and speech. (Think of the effect of this alone upon the reading later.) They will all have learned a large number of the traditional songs, linking them with their own past, and, of course, the poetry belonging to them; and, through having had time to learn sight-reading, they will be ready to join choral societies and choirs. Having learned to use their hands and eyes, endless handicrafts are open to them—woodcarving, embroidery, etc. Their minds also will be stored with fairy tales, ballads, myths and legends—the foundation of all literature. If it be true that the value of education is tested by the way in which a man spends his leisure, then, under the system outlined above, opportunity would have been given to every child, according to his taste, to learn to do or to make something well for his or her own delight.

All this has been written with an eye on those who attend the elementary schools; but it is equally applicable to those who go to the great Public Schools, or, indeed, to any kind of school. We all know in this country what a link between all classes is the love of sport, or "gymnastic." We have yet to learn what are the possibilities of a common understanding of, and participation in, the delight of "mousikè."

ARTHUR SOMERVELL.

OPTIONS

THE question of the proper form for musical education to take in our Public Schools can hardly be separated from all the other matters that claim the boy's attention there. It is usual to say that he is there for three or four years to practise in small things the part he will afterwards play in big. Afterwards? But he is among them already. The most tremendous things in life are those we do for the first time; and he is doing them every day; his elders' issues are child's play to his own. He has come, as a bit of limestone or granite comes to the brook, to be smoothed into a pebble, and be slung one day—who knows?—at the forehead of some Goliath. He must neither crumble to sand nor be swept, unrounded, out of the current. We say boys will be boys, but it is better to think that they will be, or even that they are, men.

The social side of school—games, and the monitorial system with all that it involves or implies—has been much discussed. Both are liable to abuse, both have been abused, and both have survived abuses. What is not always noticed about them is that, though sometimes overdone, they provide a rational basis for life and conversation. The boy, who cannot as yet get much quickly out of books and newspapers, who has a limited set of ideas and words, who is a dreamer slowly learning to be a doer, needs these absorbingly concrete things. Take them away, or knock the heart out of them, or merely look askance at them, and he has nothing sensible to talk about between the meat and the pudding. Criticism is the salt of life, but there must be something to criticise.

The intellectual side—lessons and "soft options"—has been even more discussed, and the verdict has often been sternly adverse. As to lessons, a thoroughly genial disciplinarian of the old school who controlled the Lower Fifth once put to his colleague the indictment in a nutshell—"My dear friend, I tell you the boys come up to me knowing nothing, absolutely nothing." *Parens ferox* himself could not do better justice to the situation, when, on his boy's return for the holidays, he puts him through his paces in a page of Virgil or tests the accuracy of his pursuit of x , reflecting the while on his own inadequate means and on the limited number of openings in the great game of chess. In a calmer moment he will remember that himself, like his father before him, is a product of the very system he is

grumbling at, and will decide after all not to send his boy to that *lycée* or that *Realschule* whence the students issue fully equipped for the battle, assured of a punctual income and happiness ever after.

How do these heart-searchings arise? Why do we have lessons and soft options—a playful name for subjects of intellectual interest pursued of free choice with something less than the scheduled rigour?

We want lessons mainly to teach the boy not so much to know many things (and *mater curiosa* will not like this, because she rather believes in knowing a little of everything) as to know when he knows one thing (and here *pater instans* will smile approval, for he knows what it is when his office-boy "thinks"), and incidentally to determine, by the establishment of a common arena, his place, among the others, in the matter of intellectual prowess, with the constantly recurring hint that it depends largely on his own effort, on the modesty with which he can carry success and on the philosophy with which he can bear disappointment. And what are these but the lessons of life—to know when you know, not to be conceited about knowing and not to despair of ever knowing? But here, again, when the hours for lessons are once settled they should not be encroached upon. To take boys out of class for some other purpose is a disheartening business; the hour crawls like a wounded snake when they are away. For a lesson is apt to be a little drama daily enacted, and we can't do without even some of the supers, unless, indeed, their absence is caused by what the insurance people call the Act of God or the King's enemies. It would be possible, of course, to adopt the Gryphon's etymology and cut down some of the hours of lessons; almost everyone agrees that, when they err, they err in length rather than in height, depth or breadth.

And we want "options," soft or hard—though it may be observed that "soft" begs a question, since a real enthusiasm may easily be a harder taskmaster than any external authority. We want them because lessons only teach us to know, but arts and crafts teach us to do. We want them also because a boy has to get on, not only with others (which games help him to do), but with himself; he must have an inner life in order to have something to contribute to the common stock. These options are many; all the fine arts except architecture; arts such as riding, swimming, field geology, map drawing; crafts such as carpentry, modelling, gardening, down to knitting—that was once actually asked for. A private schoolmaster has told us in print that in the course of ten years he had been asked to provide for a hundred and forty-one distinct subjects for one boy or another. That is about the number of public schools, great and small, in this country; and the demand could be met, is met to some extent, by each school specialising in the more important ones.

A stronger argument for options is the common experience that lessons proper not only do not, but cannot, prepare a boy for his future career. For two reasons. First, it is an exceptional boy who knows, definitely and irrevocably, even by the time he is sixteen, what he is going to be. And secondly, even if the "useful" subject is clear to him and is a part of the curriculum, it is still a "subject" and cannot be the "tool" he would like it to be—it can't be sharpened to a particular end. An instance shows this. A North-country parent, a paperhanger, asked the headmaster of Leeds Grammar School to have his boy's mathematics restricted to arithmetic; "he is going into my business and Euclid and trigonometry have never been of any use to me." "Yes," said the headmaster, "he shall be taught arithmetic, as you wish, but you will remember that when he comes into the business he will just reach up for a book, wet the forefinger and turn to page 87 and find the room already papered for him." But in taking an option the boy is automatically choosing what his habits shall be, and those habits will modify, if not actually make, his trade or profession. The most valuable part of a man's profession is what he brings to it, and he can only bring to it what he is.

The main trouble about options is that as they are *ex hypothesi* not to be dictated to the supervised, so neither can they be dictated to the supervisors. You cannot say to a man: Teach this boy this art, with the same certainty of a result as you can say: Teach him arithmetic—(and the issue of that is uncertain enough). For if the man is not an artist, he will evoke no artistry in the boy; and if he is, art is not a thing that he knows but that he has, and all he can do for his patient is to give him the infection. Parents who do not understand this have been known to say: I want my boy to take music—not reflecting that he may be immune from the disease or that there may happen to be no germ-carrier where he is.

But there is something more in it. If this subject, whatever it may be, is really an option, the parent has no right to dictate to his boy either; or, to put it more politely, it is futile for him to try. Not he, but fate—blind chances—will decide; and it is best so. He is, of course, one of those chances himself, and he may put things in such a light that youth will choose as age would approve; that would be a piece of luck for age. But as a rule one of three things will happen. Either youth will be wholly indifferent to options, a position which is to be combated, preferably by indirect means; or he will take up a thing for a few months, and then fly off to something else, a state of things not wholly undesirable—he is merely trying all the flavours in order to develop a taste; or he will take a line and stick to it (with lapses, owing to the fact that he is growing physically) and give no further trouble,

provided he does not overdo it. The upshot of it is that there should be plenty of options in any particular school. A wise father made it a rule to give his daughter a new book as soon as she had read the present one through from cover to cover, and not before.

The next point is how these options are to be provided. The answer is that with a staff, say, of forty (for, perhaps, five hundred boys), there should be forty options. The ideal would be for no man to be appointed who had not an option in his intellectual waistcoat pocket. His friends might call it a fad and his enemies would call it a stunt, but in either case it would be an asset. If he knew more than anyone else within reach or even within knowledge about stamp-collecting or edible fungi or railway timetables, he would be a power, for what these were worth; much more, then, if he could do something of wider scope or more abiding interest. Every man on any staff in the kingdom carries about such an option with him, though the majority of them either do not know that they do, or do not see how to bring it to bear. This case has been met before now by a custom, I believe it was at Clifton, that every member of the staff should lecture periodically to the whole school on a subject of his own choice. He thus proclaimed to all and sundry what his option was, and it would go hard but that twenty boys at the least would share his enthusiasm and want to know more about his subject.

Our talk hitherto has seemed to have little to do with a musical magazine. But the point I am trying to get at is that music is one, and only one, of many options that have an equal claim, and that to consider its place in a Public School apart from them is of little use. The object is not to "make the school musical"; there would be something forced and unnatural about that. We see this, if we imagine that at the Leys School, where poets are judiciously encouraged, the authorities were to aim at making the school poetical, or at Charterhouse, where they have for years had a good shooting eight, at making it military. What is wanted is that fate, circumstances, history should settle what the school is to be, and then that it should just try to be that.

Just as "luck" is a short name for all the causes we don't know, so "fate" is a short name for all the circumstances past and present we can't count. We can trace, it is true, the house-singing at Harrow, the glee-singing at Winchester, the prominence of the orchestra at Uppingham, and the festive and popular character of the concerts at Marlborough, to some distinct personalities of the past. The same with the Bradfield play; but the origins of the Westminster play, as of Eton "Pop," Winchester "notions" and Shrewsbury scholarship, are more general. That school is happy to which fate

has brought such things as these; they are the mortar between the stones of the building; they are the communal folk-song of the place. And this reminds us of the great privilege that music enjoys; it is not only a fine art, but a social bond. It makes friends, because two at least are required to make music, and there is no way of riveting a friendship like having a common pursuit. It cannot make enemies, as it unfortunately may in after life, because in a close and privileged community no advertisement is desired, no money can be involved, and healthy competition need never sicken into unwholesome rivalry.

Music, then, to which we will now confine ourselves, is one of many equipollent options. And here the fun begins. For it is obvious that, on the one hand, your Flashmans will not want any of them, and your Toms and Easts will want to try their hands at them all, and that, on the other, everyone will want to go to the Edward Bowens and T. E. Browns, and the Tinklers will be deserted. Moreover, your Bowens and Browns will, as far as their nature permits, be covetous and wish, for the greater glory of the cause, not for their own, to sweep every fish into their net. This looks as if there must be a law that the heaven of music can be reached only through various purgatories, as a statutory relief from the salutary but less delightful labour of debating societies, Shakespeare readings, natural history lectures, and the rest. Such laws are easy to make, difficult to keep. There was a certain headmaster who confessed that "anyone who wants anything here must push for it." (We see the reins sagging on the horse's shoulder and await the collision at the first fence.) A stronger man finds it no trouble to say Yes and No definitely, genially and wisely.

Let us watch for a moment boy and man at grips with the music. To the boy it is the edge of a great mystery, an ocean of pleasant exploration. Others have been before him and done wonders, or failed lamentably; he is going to succeed. The things he sees and hears stand out to his keen senses twice life size. It can never be borne in on him that a piece of music is dull, because he would long before have taken his natural remedy—he would have "cut" or "ragged." For a considerable time he has no more idea than a rabbit of what is "good" or "bad"; to him it is all merely a patterning of notes, and a very exciting occupation at that. Later on, especially if he is one of those who shirk their "piece" and browse on odd volumes, he begins to distinguish. Time is his great difficulty, and when he says "Sir, I don't see how the tune goes," he always means that he doesn't grasp the time. (I have never understood why this is, seeing that, with the race, intricate times undoubtedly precede intricate tunes.) Interpretation, for what it may be worth, is beyond him: naturally, for his stock of musical ideas is scanty, and he has nothing

to which to refer each new experience. His merits are those of Heifetz, not of Kreisler. He occasionally does the most amazingly good thing with fingers, or bow, or voice, without knowing that he has done anything unusual; like the nine-year-old poet, whose meritorious MS. happened to be for the moment lost, and who said, in answer to a friend who had treasured the lines in his memory, "Did I write that, and was it good? Never mind, I'll do you another."

And the man has long ago found out that the music—like the impossible mixings of teas, or the taps that fill and empty ridiculous cisterns—doesn't matter at all; it is only the boy who counts. The man, too, is on the edge of a great mystery. For there is no question the boy may not ask, and no limit to the faith which he reposes in the answer—heaven knows how often an imperfect one. And yet the music does count—for the sake of him. For when the trebles give tongue in "Be not afraid," or the whole school in "O worship the King," when, as Bowen says, "that which was to be, is," the old tunes prick up their ears and mend their paces and blood races in the veins. Then, there is the fearful joy of a concert, when the two cornets in the "May Queen" may get nervous and play consecutive fourths instead of consecutive thirds, or "Judas" may decline at the last moment to appear on the platform because his dress clothes have not yet arrived, or an epidemic of measles may have carried off all the altos, or an Army exam. all the tenors, or the sudden news that the ice bears may empty half the seats at a vital rehearsal . . . or . . . or. *Forsitan hæc olim* you mutter, and go on to the next item on the agenda. Yes, the music does matter for another reason. It need not be the best, but it must be sound; partly because inferior stuff will not stand the necessary wear and tear, and partly because tunes received by the ear in youth will remain in the heart in age, and no one can bring himself actually to go and sow tares in that field. Of the "new" music, when it is sound, I have no experience with boys, but I imagine it would not dismay them, provided the rhythm could, as a matter of expediency, be made clear, and the notes, as a matter of convenience, be played; the harmonies do not matter, for the inexperienced ear does not hear more than a small part of the whole complex, and what is called a "new idiom" is no more of a puzzle than any other to an ear to which all idioms are new.

As regards progress in the art, as opposed to the social side, of music, it has always appeared to me that the real obstacle was the difficulty of supervision. Young children, even boys up to fifteen or so, ought hardly ever to be left to do their practice alone, not because they will shirk, but because they do it all wrong—not all of them, of course, but the large majority. The best remedy is a clearly defined,

and not impossibly difficult, competition, between two or three of them—it can seldom be more, as they are at such different stages; and, better still, if various things—piano, fiddle, cornet, singing of glees or duets, etc.—can be combined in a “house” competition, with a scale of “marks,” if necessary. Most boys will (not unlike their elders) practise intelligently with an immediate object. And a mighty fillip is given to all honest endeavour by visiting artists of real merit. A man who can intersperse good piano playing with sensible talk, or who can give good advice about singing and break into casual examples of the right thing, and prove that music is human as well as divine, is worth spending money on if there is any to spare.

This is not quite the whole of the story: it is not all *couleur de rose*. There are hours of weariness, pangs of disappointment, yes, and some shameful defeats. It is much harder, too, to keep on pumping up enthusiasm than to turn on the tap of discipline. It is not easy to be sure always that one is right, and not very good for one to be practically the only authority on the subject in the place. It is best, probably, to change either the place or the subject after a reasonable number of years. The Army plan of five-year appointments is not a bad one: anyone who means business can do much of what he wants to do even in that short time. Schools ought to change their musician for the same reason as pianists and violinists go to more than one master.

I have only one thing to add to this rather homiletic essay—I wish I had known these great truths earlier; I should have saved myself a deal of trouble. But perhaps things are not really true till you have lived them, and then perhaps they are only true for you. But perhaps, again, there may be other yours.

A. H. FOX STRANGWAYS.

THE RALTON TRAMBOON

"What passion cannot music raise and quell!

When Jubal struck the chorded shell

His listening brethren stood around,

And, wondering, on their faces fell

To worship that celestial sound.

Less than a god they thought there could not dwell

Within the hollow of that shell

That spoke so sweetly and so well."

ONE delightful September, a good many years ago, while paying one of my annual visits to my native village of Ralton, in North Devon, I lodged for a fortnight with old Dick Bulley and his wife, a typical Ralton couple, who soon made me feel quite at home in their snug little creeper-covered cottage.

Dick was the last survivor of the once far-famed Ralton Band, in which I can just remember him standing next to the big drum and playing the bombardon—the biggest of the bass instruments.

One evening as we sat by the fire after supper, Dick and I with our cider-mugs at our elbows, and Mrs. Bulley busy with her knitting, I was fortunate enough to draw the old man on to his pet subject—the old Ralton Band.

Profiting by former experiences, I took care not to intrude any comment or question for fear of breaking the thread of his musings.

"Ah!" said the old man, with a sigh and a glance at his battered old bombardon, which still hung above the cloamin' cats and dogs on the black-oak chimney-piece, "Ralton 'ad a butiful Ban' sure 'nough feefty years agone; there wadn' another to tich'n vor miles an' miles roun'. Ralton was a purty lively place in they days; why, vokes used to cal't 'Little Lunnon' then, there was so much life gwain aun.

"I was nort but a tiny tacker at that time, but I can mine ivery player an' ivery instermint in the Ban' so plain's if they was playing yer bevore our eyes theze very minnit.

" Jude an' Atty Vren was the tu fuss kernoceans,* an' purty players they was, tu, both o' min—plum an' suant's a couple o' flutes.

" Cooper Werrall played second kernocean; he blawed a rasher tone than t'other tu, that didn' go ar'ly so well with the rest as it should adu'd. Cooper, you zee, was a trumpeter in the Yeomary Calvary, an' us bways used to think they train un to blaw fairce an' rash zo's to frighten their enemies. There was tu Foleys in the Ban', tu—both cal' John, but no relation so var's I know—wan played the French 'orn an t'other the fife; zo to tell t'other vrom which, wan us always cal'd 'orn John, an' t'other fifer John. Then there was tu tramboon players, Jim Lang the tinner, an' Tom Scott the baze. Th' ole Beel Lang 'e bait the drum: 'mum'lin' Beel' iverybody cal'd un 'cuz 'e always walk'd about wi' 'is 'aid 'aingin' vvor, an' noodlin' a soort ov a tun to 'is-zel'. But I niver took much count o' drums. I don't knaw what you think, zir; to my mine they unly sarve to 'ide the tune an' drown the dilicat' 'armony o' the music.

" Vrom a tiny chiel I was properly mazed about the Ban'; nort couldn' tear me away vrom min wheniver they was playin' any-place or practfzin' out'n Tom Scott's garden. If I was iver missin' vor an hour or two, father an' mother niver worrited therzels about it: they unly used to zay: 'Aw, the Ban's playin' up about zome place, or else zomebody's blawin' a penny trumpet or a lattin whistle, or else there's a Italian turnin' an ole urgy-gurgy,—that's what's keepin' e.'

" Iss, vokes zed truly I was purty-nair music mad in my young days. Why, zir, the dree simple notes o' the common coord, *do-me-so*, struke properly in tune together, to me was so gude's a glimpse ov 'eaven. 'Eaven? why no place wouldn' be 'eaven to me, if there wadn' no music there.

" 'Coordin' to all accounts the Ban' must 'a been in its prime jist about then: to me, I knaw, their music was 'eavenly.

" There was the tu fuss kernoceans tootlin' along the air so plum an' so sweet as a blackbird's whistle, 'orn John wi' 'is an' up the beg bell ov 'is purty-shaped roundy-go insterment coo-cooin' away like a cock pidgin' in matin' time, fifer John twittlin' away up above all the rest like a lark in a April sky, whiles Beel Lang an' Tom Scott the tramboons, workin' their slides een an' out like tu performin' conjurors, put een a gran' foundation to the ginerall 'armony.

" Zo var back as I can mine, zir, the insterment that took my fancy most ov all was the tramboon. When the gurt long baze wan would zend out a reg'lar stream o' sound right along under all the rest, zeemin' to zwaip the very dist off the platform, it used to muve me to the very saul. The shivers would rin all up my back, then spread an' settle in

* Cornopean—an old name for the cornet.

my cheeks, makin' min properly blanchy-like, 'vore to laast I 'ardly knawed w'ere I was 'pon ai'th or in 'eaven.

" I can't mine the very fuss time I zeed a tramboon played, 'cuz 'tis so long ago; but father niver forgot it; 'e zed I was jis like anybody vaccinated, as the sayin' is; couldn' tear my eyes away vrom Tom Scott vor iver so long. To laast I turned roun' an' zed: ' Looksee to thicky man there, Daddy; 'e's tryin' to zwolly 'e's; but 'e can't du't, can a? 'E got'n 'alf-way down lots o' times, but 'e couldn' git'n no varder; 'e was forced to pule'n up again ivery time.' Caw! didn' father use to laugh whenever 'e told anybody about it. 'T'eth been a gude ole joke aginst me iver zins.

" 'Twas when I was about 'leben or twelve that the poor old Ban's misfortins begun. Fust of all poor ole Atty Vren went an' val'd auff the sharp ov is waggin'—'e was a troacher,* you know, zir—an' was killed upon the spot. That was a turrable sad job to be sure, to zay nethin' about the differ'nce the loss ov 'is butiful sweet tribble made to the Ban'. 'Twadn' very long arter that when 'orn John took'd it intu 'is 'aid to go vor a polissman; an' to make metters wiss'n iver, fifer John was saized wi' assma 'pon the chiss an' doctor Awen widn' let'n blaw another note.

" All this was a turrable scat to the Ban' sure 'nough; but Jude Vren the Ban'-maister wouldn' give een. 'E went to wance an' took een Snippy Lang—that was young Billy the tailder, you know, zir,—an' put'n aun 'pon a secont-'an' tinner 'orn 'e'd a been an' picked up cheap zome place or 'nother, an' the same time 'e begun to tsich me the baze tramboon.

" Jude Vren zed I took tu'n like a ducklin' to watter, an' wadn' t'other young chaps jillous! They du'd nort but make game o' me an' the quare noises I used to bring out o' the insterment the fuss week or two. ' If you could but zee yerzel' when you'm blawin', ' they'd zay, ' wi' your cheeks lookin' fit to baust, an' your eyes ready to vlee out o' your 'aid, you'd niver tich th' ole thing more.'

" I didn' take very much notice ov their old yap, but nit vor all that I thort I should jis' like to know 'ow I *did* looky when I was playin'. Zo wan day I slipped upstairs to practfze in the best chumber, where there was a woppin' gurt lookin' glass fixed up auver the chimley-piece, zo's I could ais'ly zee mezelf when I marched s'wards un. Wull, zir, bein' complaitly took'd up wi' watchin' 'ow my ole faitures work'd, I forgot iverything else, an' be dal'd if I didn' go an' gi'e th'ole slide a proper jit that zen' un bang up agins' the lookin' glass an' scat'n all to flitters! Didn' mother cal' me some pretty names! I don't believe 'er iver properly forgi'ed me to 'er dyin' day. I niver paid much

* Carrier.

attention to ole supelsticious crams, but I got my zebeen years' sorra right enough thicky time.

"I was cruel fond o' zingin', tu, zir, an' was, as you knaw, a zinger in the church choir, zo when I'd got aun a bit wi' the baze tramboon I took it into my 'aid I'd like to play thicky in church instid o' zingin' baze. But pa'son Kinglake wouldn' yer ov it. 'String'd instermints, like fiddles an' saicrid 'arps, be all very well,' 'e sez, 'but the sound ov a tramboon more raizimble'th the scritch ov a imp o' darkness than the voice ov a cherabin or seraphin.' 'But, zir,' I zed, 'in the 'lustrated Bible you can zee lots o' pictures ov 'eavenly angels blawin' long brazen trumpets, an' a tramboon's nethin' but a trumpet bort a little more up to date, zo to spaik.'

"But my arguments didn' 'ave no 'fee' 'pon un at al; nethin' would iver turn pa'son Kinglake when 'e'd wance zot is mine 'pon a thing. Net that 'e's musical apinion was weth a 'ap'my, cuz 'twadn'. 'E was a very gude pa'son, I 'low, but 'e 'adn' got no more yer vor music than th' ole Jan Denvord's dunkey. If you'll believe me, 'e'd 'ang aun to *wan* note all dru the 'I believe' whiles the choir an' all the congregation was gwain aun firm an' strong 'pon *another* a semitone above or below; an' 'e'd niver so much as turn a 'air. Used to zit my teeth 'pon adge, zir; properly gi'ed me the gil-gal, same's if I'd a drink'd a quart ov farmer Wadmore's hard ole rot-gut cider.

"I may tell 'ee, zir, that I was nairly so maze about zingin' as I was about playin', an' wance I went all the way up to Ex'ter 'long wi' Jude Vren to yer Sims Raives zing in the Victoria 'All. I s'pose I was expectin' tu much, zir, vor I'll awn I was a little bit disappointed takin' the concert all dru. Sims Raives was a splendid tinnor, I 'low, and zing'd 'My Purty Jane' and 'The Bay of Bisky' most butiful, sure 'nough; but there was a fine tribble voice there tu—Madame Nelson I think they cal'd 'er—bezides a lovely alto and a grand deep baze, vour o' the finest vocal organs in the kin'dom, beyend a doubt; but, if you'll believe me, *they niver put min together wance the whole aivnin'*! Who the fules was that was answerable vor't I can't tell 'ee, but jis' think what glorious 'armony there'd 'a been if they'd let all vour o' min zing to wance. Why, 'twould 'a been weth all the rest o't put together.

"But, 'arkin' back to the Ban' again, I may tell 'ee, zir, what I reckon you've yerd bevore, that there was but *wan* other ban' yer roun' fit to 'old a cannle to ours, an' that was Adderley; an' betwain Adderley Ban' an' ours there'd been tremenjous rivalry vor years an' years—*raid'-ot* rivalry 'twas. Wull, zir, wan fust o' May what *du 'ee* think come to pass? So true's us be zittin' yer, I'll be daz'd if Adderley Ban' an' ours wadn' both ingaged to play to Idgeley vor

their anyul club walk—Adderley Ban' vor the women an' us vor the men. A proper licker that was to be sure, an' didn' us all git egzited auver't!

"Nex' practice night Jude Vren up an' zes tu's: 'Now, mine you don't git scared out o' your wits at the sight o' their uniforms an' go an' make fules o' yersels!' (Adderley chaps, you know, belong'd to the Rifle Corpse, an' thort no smal' beer o' therzels, I can tell 'ee, when they'd got their tunics an' shakos aun.) 'You mine what I tell 'ee,' sez Jude Vren. 'Be sure you don't work tu 'ard at it an' blaw your lips to rags in the airlier part o' the day. 'Twill be the march 'up to the town in the aivnin', when they've finished dancin' down in Mr. 'Ooper's Park, that'll settle which is the best ban', so mine you save your lips an' your breath for thicky. That'll be the very time when all knawin' ole 'aids'll jis be comin' out vrom *The Duke o' York* (The Duke o' *Nort* would be the more fittin' name, Landlord Ridd always zeth) an' 'tis their verdie' that'll daicide it. Wull,' Jude went aun, 'they'll be all o' min a bit tu var gone in their cups to take notice o' little nice-aties in the playin', zo mark my words—the ban' that mak'th the most noise that'll be *the* ban', you zee if tidn'. Wull now, bways,' 'e sez, 'this is where us shall 'ave 'em. Us know they've got tu or dree purty rash an' brassy kernopians, an' they've got thicky scritchey little toad ov a super-anna what Charlie Luxon play'th, but they 'an't got a tramboon to their name, and us have got tu. I needn'tell 'ee what *wan* tramboon'll du in the way ov makin' a noise, but when it come'th to *tu*—wull, there! Zo,' sez 'e, 'I depend 'pon you tu tramboon chaps to du the trick, an' don't you forgit it. There'll be a lively crowd, as I've zed, 'pon thicky 'igh bank betwain the churchyard corner an' *The Duke of York*, waitin' to zee the march up. Adderley'll come fuss, ov cou'se, laidin' the women's percession, an' us shall volly aun a vu minnits arterwards. Wull, zoon's you begin to bear roun' to your right arter turnin' the corner, niver you mine about tone nor tune, but jis let min rip. Dreckly us come to thicky-there vortizzima passidge in th'ole Corrination March—that's the wan us'll give 'em—out wi' the slides o' your tramboons zo var's iver they'll go and then rape min rairt up dru. 'Tis a raipait bit, you know, zo you'll du't twice auver—push your slides out to the en' an' rape min rairt up dru again; an' if that dith'n pruve to be a settler vor Adderley Ban' I'll ait my 'at without sauce or vinegar.'

"Wull, zir, me an' Tom Scott us took'd it all een, an' sure 'nough when us got up to the churchyard corner, there was the old wise-aikers, as Jude Vren 'ad zed, waitin' in scores to zee the final march up. As luck would 'ave it, the vortizzima passidge 'appened to come jist in the nick o' time, zo me an' Tom Scott passed wan t'other the

wink, cort a gude deep breath, then out us rammed our slides so var's iver they'd go, an' then raped min rairt up 'ome to mouthe-piece. My Ivers! didn' us let 'em 'ave it! The very bank itzel' an' th'ole granite tower 'pon tap ov'n zeemed to shake. 'Wirraw! Wirraw!' the crowd shouted out; they couldn' 'elp it. Best ban'? Why, there wadn' but wan ban' in it an' that wadn' Adderley. 'Ralton Ban' for iver!' 'ollied the crowd; purty nairly 'ollied therzels oaze they did. Us nairly all went mad wan across t'other. Caw! what a spree 'twas, to be sure! Niver shall I forgit it if I live to be a thousan'!"

A long pause followed, during which Dick's excitement gradually died down. At length I ventured to remark: "I can't remember ever seeing you play the trombone, Dick; I always picture you sitting at the end of a form in Hillyar's lawn pumping out the bombardon part to "Cross Hands and down the Middle" and exchanging sly winks and smiles with the prettiest of the dancing maidens as they threaded their way towards your end of the platform."

"Law bless 'ee, zir, I baint gwain to deny it; what's the use? I reckon you was jis so bad, zir, in *your* young days. Bways an' maidens will be bways an' maidens, an' us can unly be young wance. Iss, I did use to injoy playin' they there ole country dances; the baze o' min was so aisy that you could blaw your part an' watch the dancers both to wance; 'twas mostly *soh, doh* all dru; in fac,—if I may put it zo—I was 'so-doin' ' all the time. Polkas was aisy vingerin' tu, an' zo was thicky new dance that comed into vogue about that time—Tom Peat* they cal'd un. But you want to knaw, don't 'ee, zir, 'ow I come vor to give up the tramboon when I was so made up in un? Wull, 'twas like this: Jude Vren, who always prided 'iz-zel' 'pon keepin' paze wi' the times, went an' took it into 'is aid to go an' zwop away the baze tramboon vor a *E flat* bumbardin—wan o' they there new-fangled baze instermints that was beginning to take the place o' th' old awfulcleides an' sarpints. The blawin' was purty much the same, ov cou'se, an' Jude Vren zed I should zoon pick up the vingerin'. An' zo I did, tu, but give me the tramboon, *I* zay. You can work up a proper zwell or a crusandle 'pon the tramboon, but you can't 'pon the bumbardin.

"But you must be gettin' tired to death o' my ole lidden, an' there's your cider-mug empty, tu. Wull, jist a word or tu more vor a 'lastly,' as the pa'son zeth, an' then I'll stap. I will, sure 'nough. "Wull, zir, the poor ole Ban' got smaller an' smaller. Cooper Werrall couldn' vind work enough in Ralton, zo 'e went to Tarriton

* La Tempête.

to live, an' Snippy Lang went away up to Lunnon. That was the finisher; the end soon came arter that, an' poor ole Ralton Ban' was no more. . . . Properly 'eart-breakin' 'tis if wan begin'th to think about it and raicall the gay ole times.

"An there's Adderley Ban', I'm told, in bran'-new scarlet uniforms an' gwain 'stronger than iver. 'Pon my saul, zir, 'most make'th me cry when I think o' Ralton—our awn dear ole Ralton, little Lunnon that used to be—without a ban' an' no likes ov iver gittin' another!

"But there's wan thing," he added, his face beginning to brighten a little, "that Adderley can't tich Ralton in, an' that's ringin'. There's 'ardly a set gwain about that can aikle our chaps—my brither John's zen Beel's their laider, you know—an' they'm a young set, tu, an' still impruin'. 'Tis my belief if they 'ang together a year or tu longer they'll be the champins o' Devon. Idn' it a trait to yer min knackin' roun' the sixty changes in thirds; true an' reg'lar's a clock tickin'—a stiddy ole long-cazed granfer, I main, you know, zir; not wan o' they little rattle-trap 'Mericans!"

The old man ceased, and for several moments a sad, far-away expression lingered on his care-lined yet kindly features. I remained silent. How deeply I had been interested and touched by his rambling reminiscences no reader who is not a Raltonian will ever be able quite to understand.

And though he did not live long enough to see them verified, his concluding words were strikingly prophetic.

If, dear reader, you should ever find yourself in little Ralton with a few minutes to spare, I hope you will go and take a peep into the belfry of the old Norman church-tower. You will find it a veritable picture gallery. Its ancient walls are almost hidden by a full dozen *Prize-Ringing Certificates* in neat wood frames and containing photographs of the churches and towers in which the friendly contests for them took place; and no less than *seven* of them bear the proud inscription, "First Prize."

WILLIAM WEEKS.

SONG TRANSLATIONS

HUGO WOLF'S SONGS

Mörike Lieder.

1. Der Genesene an die Hoffnung.*

Death caught hold of me that
morning,
But my pillowed head at last
Softly lay in Hope's embraces,
Till the fight for life was passed.

Every god I tried to flatter,
Hope alone I did not woo.
Sadly by my side she hovered,
Pleading for her offering due.

Ah, forgive! my dear companion,
Lift the clouds that hide thy grace,
So shall I, that new-uncovered
Starry beauty of thy face

Once beholding, know thy glory,
Child-like, fearing no alarms.
Ah, this once, my pains forgotten,
Let me sink into thine arms.

STEUART WILSON.

3. Ein Stündlein wohl vor Tag.*

The while I dreaming lay,
Just at the point of day,
A swallow perching on a tree
Began a little song to me,
Just at the point of day!

"Now hark to what I say,
Your lover's gone away,
And sure as there's a sky above
He's got another girl to love,
Just at the point of day."

"Ah, God, what's that you say?
My lover's false, you say?
Away, away, and leave my tree!
Ah, love and faith like dreams
do flee
Just at the point of day."

STEUART WILSON.

4. Jägerlied.*

Dainty are the footprints in the
snow,
Where the blackcock on the uplands
go;
Daintier my darling's hand, I say,
When she writes to me from far
away.

See the eagle soar into the skies,
Where no arrow nor no bullet flies;
Yet, I say, a thousand times as
high
And as quick the thoughts of true
love fly.

K. B. W.

6. Er ist's.*

Spring is here, a streak of blue
Parts the leaden clouds asunder;
Spring is here, that ceaseless
wonder,

Bringing back the scents we knew.
Now the violet dreams Spring will
soon awake her.

Hark from far is borne

An elfin-horn.

Spring is here, is here!

Mortal heart nor ear

Ever could mistake her.

Spring is here!

L. C.

11. An eine Aeolsharfe.*

Half-conceal'd by the ivy wall
Of a garden of roses,
Child of the Muse and of the Zephyr,
Daughter of mystic harmony,
Begin, breaking forth again
Into melodious lamenting.

Winds from a far land, welcome
hither,
Fresh from the mound where lies my
darling,
Peacefully sleeping.
For Spring comes with you;
On your way you passed him;
Laden with fragrance of opening
blossom,

How sweet the solace you bring.
You breathe at will on the harp-
strings,

And they whisper a clear message of
comfort,

Rising in tune with my sorrow

And then falling silent.

When, on a sudden, comes a breath
stronger than ever,
And with a cry of joy the harp
replies—
And I tremble to hear it—
To a hope that soared for a
moment . . .
But see, the rose, the full-blown
rose, windshaken,
Snowing her petals over the garden!
L. C.

12. Verborgenheit.*

Pass, O world, and let me be,
Bind me not in bonds of folly,
Let me live with melancholy,
Free in joy, in sorrow free.

Free in sorrow; who can say
Why this pain has come unbidden
Through a mist of tears, and
hidden
All the happy light of day?

Free in joy; for what desire,
What new crown of life is
wanting,
What new passion? Sighing,
panting,
All my heart is set afire.

Pass, O world, and let me be,
Bind me not in bonds of folly,
Let me live with melancholy,
Free in joy, in sorrow free.
K. B. W.

14. Agnes.*

See the rose that's come and gone,
Come and gone,
Blossoms again to-morrow;
But the love I counted on,
Counted on,
Left me with my sorrow.

Girls are at the harvesting,
The harvesting,
Singing, blithe and merry.
Ah, but I, I too could sing,
I too could sing;
Now my heart is weary.

Then I wander up the glen,
Up the glen
Where the aspens quiver,
Where he vowed to me, again
And again,
He was mine for ever.

At the hill I turn aside,
Where I cried
When his troth was broken;
In the wind the ribbon brave,
That once he gave,
Flutters for a token.
DOMINSTER CASTLE.

23. Auf ein altes Bild.*

In meadows where the waters flow
And rushes on the banks do grow,
See how the Child, the Man to be,
Sits playing at his mother's knee.
And there's a tree ablaze with
bloom;
Ah! from that wood his Cross
must come.
STUART WILSON.

24. In der Frühe.*

All night I've turned and tossed
about,
The shadows dance a ghostly rout
And pallid day is dawning.
It pierces through my tortured brain
And terrifies and mocks again—
This chilly light of morning.
Rest then, fear no more!
The dreadful night is over.
Listen! there the birds are singing,
Bells are ringing,
Day beginning.
STUART WILSON.

39. Denk' es, O Seele!*

Some hill there is that holds—who
knows?—the cypress,
Some garden rears—may be—the
very rosebush
Appointed even now—Stay, soul, and
ponder—
Upon thy grave to flourish, bud and
blossom.

Two sable colts now pasture in the
meadow,
And frisky are their paces home
returning;
But one day they shall draw thy
hearse sedately,
May be—who knows?—before they
cast the shoes
The light now catches as they
twinkle past me.
E. B. R. S.

40. Der Jäger.*

For days and days the rain has
stayed,
The sun is smit with blindness;
For days and days my little maid
Has spoke no word of kindness.

She's cross with me, and I with her,
And yet 'twas all her doing!
Oh, what a little thing to blur
The sunshine of our wooing!

Then welcome rain and welcome
wind,
And welcome wintry weather.
Come, hot heart, leave your woe
behind,
We'll face them all together.

And now at home the fire's alight,
And all is talk and cackle;
But I sit in the forest night
And hear the dead leaves crackle.

And now she sits alone and spends
Sad hours without her lover;
But bird and beast are all my
friends
By moor and stream and covert.

No rightful stag, afar or near;
One shot—a parting sally!
It does me good the din to hear
That echoes down the valley.

And as the echo dies away
To silence, over yonder,
A thought is born in me to-day,
A sudden pang of wonder.

She's cross with me, and I with her,
(Of course, 'twas all her doing);
Why in the world should trifles mar
The sunshine of our wooing?

I'm off! I've been a lunatic
To keep the darlin' waitin';
"Wring out my clothes, and kiss me
quick,
And be my own little maiden."
L. C.

Eichendorff-Lieder.

1. Der Freund.*

He, whom the dancing billow
Rocks like a babe to sleep,
What can he know of terrors
That lurk along the deep?

Give me the man that fears not
The tempest's icy breath,
That dares uncharted dangers
To lead the dance with death.

He, when the night-wind blusters
And rocks are lipped with foam,
'Tis he, whose hand in safety
Shall hold the course for home.

He, that no toil can weary,
No woe can overwhelm,
He, that takes God for pilot,
He shall be at my helm.

F. S.

2. Der Musikant.*

Home and ease I leave behind me,
Roving's all the world to me;
Honest work was meant for others,
I was meant to wander free.

Summer songs I yet remember,
These I sing in winter snow.
How to come by bed and board,
My harp and I, we seldom know.

Many a pretty damsel eyes me,
Thinking, "Yes, perhaps, I might,
If his hands were not so dirty
And his jacket such a sight."

—Well, then, take the man you
fancy,
House, and home and everything,
For, if you were mine, quite likely
I should soon forget to sing.

F. S.

3. Verschwiegene Liebe.*

Over corn in the moonlight,
Or from tree to tree
(The ear may not hear them,
The eye may not see)
My fancies are floating;
But night knows of nothing,
And fancy is free.

If she only guessed them,
Guessed my thoughts aright,
When all creatures sleep
But the clouds in their flight,
There is none should discover
How dearly I love her—
So silent the night.

F. S.

5. Der Soldat. I.*

No! My jade is no charger,
But quick, for all that;
There's a castle there by moonlight—
He knows what I'm at.

Aye! The castle's in ruins;
But out upon the green
Steps a maid as damnably witching
As ever was seen.

No! The girl's no beauty,
Fairer maids you may find;
But 'tis she, if any,
That is just to my mind.

Aye! But one word of courting
And I saddle again my jade;
Freedom for a soldier
And home for a maid.

F. S.

6. Der Soldat. II.*

Down with lance and a dash on the
plunder,
Gallop'g hoofs are behind us in
thunder.

Ha! Up in saddle, and quick,
one breath
For a kiss on those wild eyes
of blue—

Away!
For a hasty old fellow is death—
Away! Away!

F. S.

7. Die Zigeunerin.*

At the crossroads I stand when the
stars are gone

And the fires are burnt low at the
covert,

Afar a bark is heard in the dawn—
That's the return of my lover.
La, la, la.

And as the day broke, sudden I
spied
Where a cat the branches parted,
My shot went through her dark-
brindled hide;

What a bound, as off she darted!
Ha, ha, ha.

No, not this time, though, only the
skin!

May not a cat have a passion;
Dark, too, and roving, a tuft on his
chin

That's cut in Hungarian fashion?
La, la, la.

F. S.

8. Nachtauber.*

Merrily the water dances
Under fern and mossy stone
Down to where, by broad expanses,
Many a stately marble glances
In the wave at set of sun.

Quiet night's battalions rally,
Sounds of echoing melancholy,
Great her sombre majesty
When she breaks, from hill to valley,
Into songs of days gone by.

Here a flower did blow—I found her
On a moonlit night in youth,
Lips half-open, eyes of wonder,
Silent in my arms I wound her,
As I kissed that rosy mouth.

Here the nightingales awaken
Singing songs of love forsaken,
Love conceal'd, despis'd, unknown,
Or by sorrow overtaken . . .

[Come]

To that valley come thou down.
DUMINSTER CASTLE.

Spanisches Liederbuch.

(Geistliche Lieder.)

5. Führ' mich, Kind, nach
Bethlehem.*

Tiny child of Bethlehem
Thou art God, to Thee I come.
None can help us, none:
Only Thou canst lead us home.

Call to me that I may waken,
Speak to me to make me bolder,
Let me feel Thee, hand on shoulder,
Now my way on earth is taken.

Let me come to Bethlehem.
There is God, to Him I come.
None can help us, none:
Only Thou canst lead us home.

Still in toils of sin I labour
Till I'm sore bested and weary.
Thou wilt come to help and cheer me,
Though I stumble, though I wander.

Bring me safe to Bethlehem.

Ah! my God to Thee I come.

None can help us, none:

Only Thou canst lead us home.

STUART WILSON.

6. Ach, des Knaben Augen.*

Ah! the eyes of my baby boy,
How they twinkle clear and bright!
And there's mystery in that light,
Makes my heart stand still for joy.

Watch him now, for he's my treasure,
See now, in my eyes he'll stare,
For he sees his image there;
All his joy to give me pleasure.

He's my lord, this tiny boy.
These dear eyes I'd watch all night,
For there's mystery in their light,
Makes my heart stand still for joy.

STUART WILSON.

3. Nun wandre, Maria.*

Come, Mary, my darling and mount
once again,
The day will be dawning soon over
the plain,
Come, mount thee my jewel and set
thee down,
And soon we shall find us in
Bethlehem town.
There soundly thou'lt sleep and rest
again,
The day will be dawning soon over
the plain.

Well know I, lady, thy strength is
failing,
With all the pains of thy travelling;
Take heart, we'll find us a wayside
inn,
The day will be dawning soon over
the plain.

When once the hour is fulfilled for
thee,
O think what gladness for thee and
for me.
Thy pony is here, on once again,
The day will be dawning soon over
the plain.

STUART WILSON.

Goethe-Lieder.

11. Der Rattenfänger.*

Behold the famous vermin snatcher,
Of rats and mice the only catcher!
Surely my fame and wide renown
Have reached this old, respected
town?

When I to clear the place determine
No earthly chance have rats and
vermin.

My music lures them all away,
And woe to any that dare to stay!

Welcome am I as well to parents
Who've reached the end of their
forbearance.

Troublesome children I can draw,
Weaving enchanted tales of yore.

Though boys and girls be e'er so
trying,
To me they always prove complying,
And when they've yielded to my
spell
I clear the town of them as well.

I am the very arch deceiver,
For I am, too, a lady-thief.
Few are the towns to which I come,
Where I refrain from taking some!

However shy and coy a maid is,
I know by now the way with ladies;
And when my dulcet voice they
hear
They always lend a willing ear!

Behold the famous, &c.

LUCIA YOUNG.

SCHUMANN'S SONGS.

Op. 24. No. 7.

Berg' und Burgen.*

Rock and ruin gaze enchanted
In the mirror of the Wye,
And my coracle undaunted
Steals in golden sunlight by.

Soon the stream, to ripples shaken
By the current and the wind,
Wakens thoughts, and thoughts
awaken
Dreams long past and out of
mind.

Fair the promise, fair the greeting
Borne upon the wind's light
breath;
But the current glides, repeating
Eerie tales of night and death.

Placid pool and treacherous eddy,
You, my darling's counterfeit!
Well I know that beck—so ready;
Well I know that smile—so sweet.

K. B. W.

Op. 25. No. 3.

Der Nussbaum.*

A flowering chesnut, green and fair,
Lifted leafy
Branches, and scented the lustrous
air.

His myriad blossoms interlace;
Kindly the wind
Caresses, and laps them in soft
embrace.

They gather and whisper soft and low,
 Drooping daintily,
 Bending their heads for a kiss or so.

Of a maiden it is they whisper,
 That, dreaming and dreaming
 By night and day, fancies and
 knows not what.

They whisper [they whisper], they
 toss the mystery
 To and fro—
 Whisper of happiness soon to be
 [soon to be].

The maiden listened—perchance
 they knew—
 Smiled and sank
 In slumber, dreaming the tale was
 true.

K. B. W.

Op. 35. No. 10.

Stille Thränen.

From sleep untroubled risen,
 Through flowers thy footsteps fall,
 Beholdest radiant heaven
 Spread glory over all.

While thou in peace wast sleeping
 From pain and sorrow free,
 Heaven all night long was weeping
 Its tears unknown to thee.

The heart has still its sorrow,
 Endures unseen its woe,
 But on the shining morrow
 Fair smiles are all ye know.

ROLLO RUSSELL.

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The Break of Day (Fisher Unwin).
 Lines 9 and 10 have been slightly
 altered to suit the music.

Op. 79. No. 28.

Kennst du das Land.

I know a land of scented lemon-
 groves,
 Of shadowy leaves the golden orange
 loves.
 Cool breezes blow through cloudless
 summer skies,
 When myrtle meek and lordly laurel
 rise.

Land of my youth!
 Away, Away
 O Father dear, let us no longer stay
 [Let us not stay.]

There was my home! Within that
 pillared hall
 Gay scenes revive and ancient
 mem'ries call;
 I see the solemn statues there at
 gaze . . .

They did you wrong, poor child,
 these many days!
 Home of my youth!
 Away, Away
 O heart of mine, we may no longer
 stay.

High goes the path along the
 mountain side,
 Where mules adventure ere the
 mists divide.
 What terrors lurk below that hollow
 steep,
 Where deadly rocks are hurl'd and
 torrents sweep!
 There is our path.

Away, Away
 O Father dear, let us no longer stay.
 F. S. W.

Op. 90. No. 2.

Meine Rose.

When Summer's sun is glowing,
 And roses still are blowing,
 If I but note one drooping,
 Its lovely head down stooping,
 I bring with timely shower
 Refreshment to my flower.
 Blest Rose, thou art the dearest!
 Heart's Rose, the sweetest, nearest,
 O'erwhelm'd with care and sadness,
 Ah me! the joy, the gladness
 If at thy feet outpouring
 My soul, I lay adoring!
 Life's self I would surrender
 To see thee rise in splendour.†

T. E. BROWN.

Kindly supplied by Mr. E. M. Oakeley from the original MS. in his possession. Mr. T. E. Brown's comment on his translation is—"The original seems to despair of this† result. I have not made it so strong. Any man, reducing himself to a watering-pot, has a right to expect success, or something of the kind." More of his refreshing comments on music are to be found in *Letters of Thomas Edward Brown*, by Sidney T. Irwin, 1900, Constable and Co., Vol. I., pp. 44-53, &c. The liberty has been taken in the third line of writing, for the sake of the music, "I but" instead of, as in the MS., "but I."—[Ed.]

Op. 96. No. 2.

Schneeglöckchen.*

The sun looked down upon the
 earth,
 Warm breezes lapped her round,
 When on a day pale Snowdrop came
 And broke from underground.

With noise and crash and
circumstance
Old Winter's reign was done,
The fickle clouds went sailing by
To court another sun.

Iceicles drip, snows melt away
And windy voices moan;
Snowdrop in silence bowed her
head
And waited on alone.

"Sweet sister, say, why linger here
All in your smock of snow?
The hour is come, 'tis Winter calls,
And northward we must go.

For all on earth who wear his white,
His vassals and his thralls,
Must hasten at their lord's
command
And follow where he calls."

And Snowdrop, glancing shyly down
Where late the snow had been—
"But how came Winter's hoary
white
Thus trimmed with living green?"

How came Winter's clumsy hand
To weave this dainty gown?
Who brought me here? Where lies
the land
I yet may call my own?"

L. C.

Op. 96. No. 3.

Ihre Stimme.

O read me the deep wonder,
The magic of thy voice,
O keep not ever under
The current of its joys.

So many words keep thronging
All empty to the ear,
And while we listen longing
They vanish into air.

Yet far away, thou speakest
As when thou present art,
Thy tone when sounding weakest
Is mighty in my heart.

So kindled, so appealing,
My spirit glows within;
Thy voice and all my feeling
Are too divinely kin.

ROLLO RUSSELL.

From *The Break of Day*.

Dichterliebe.*

BY STEUART WILSON.

Op. 48.

1. Im wunderschönen Monat Mai.
The lovely month of May was come
And all the little leaves were
springing,
There surged through all my being
The thrill of love's first waking.

The lovely month of May was come
And all the little birds were
singing
And there I told my darling
My tale of love and longing.

2. Aus meinen Thränen Spriessen.
Each tear I shed in sorrow
Begets a flower pale,
And every sigh I utter
A quivering nightingale.

My darling if only you'd love me
Yours should be the flowers pale,
And yours the sweet serenading
Of lovely Philomel.

Vol. III.

3. Die Rose, die Lilie.

The sweetness of roses, the softness
of swansdown,
The brightness of sunshine, yes,
once I adored them.
I love them no more, I love my love
only,
The sweetest, the softest, the
brightest of all things.
My love, herself the queen of
beauty,
Is sweetness of roses and softness of
swansdown.
I love my love only, the sweetest,
the softest,
The brightest, I love her, her only.

4. Wenn ich in deine Augen seh'.

When in your eyes I find my own,
All sorrow and all pain are gone,
And when I kiss your lips, my soul
Stands up within me, strong and
whole.

And when I lean upon your breast,
In heaven at last I sink to rest;
But when you say—"My love, my
love"—
My joy too bitter sweet doth prove.

5. Ich will meine Seele tauchen.

I'll take my soul and give it
To the lovely lily to keep,
And in that cup of sweetness
My heart shall sing and weep.

My tears with joy shall mingle
And waver, like the kiss
That once my darling gave me
In a moment of perfect bliss.

6. Im Rhein, im heiligen Strome.

The Rhine, that noble river
Flows through the ancient town,
And mirrors all the glory
Of the mighty nave of Cologne.

The Virgin Mother's picture
Is hung in the pillared nave,
My storm-toss'd heart was shaken
By the pitiful look it gave.

The angels wreath their flowers
About that lovely head,
Her eyes, her lips, her cheeks, her
hair
Recall to me a love that is dead.

7. Ich grolle nicht.

What care I now, my very heart is
dead,
Love that I won and lost, now all
is said,
There is a gleam upon thy jewelled
hair,
But not a glint within thy heart's
despair.

I know it all.
[What care I now, my very heart is
dead.]

One night in dreams I saw thee,
I saw the blackness of thy heart
before me,
I saw the snake that sits and tears
thy heart,
I saw, my love, how loveless now
thou art.

[What care I now!
What care I now!]

8. Und wüsten's die Blumen.

If only the little flowers
Could know the pain I feel,
They'd surely share my sorrow
And help my wounds to heal.

If only the nightingales listened
To my song of misery,
They'd change their song of sadness
To a joyful melody.

The stars in their distant courses
If they knew my wretchedness,
They'd leave the sky behind them
To comfort my distress.

Alas, they none of them know it,
This pain that gnaws my heart,
And she who alone could heal me
Has torn the wound apart.

9. Das ist ein Flöten.

You hear the trumpeters leading
The fiddles and flutes and the
rest; (*bis*)
She's dancing away at her
wedding—
And I'm but a wedding guest.

You hear the pipes and the tabors,
The endless din of the drone; (*bis*)
And the more the minstrelsy
labours,
The more the good angels groan.
F. S.

10. Hör' ich das Liedchen klingen.

Sometimes I catch the echoes
Of songs she used to sing,
And I feel my heart is breaking.
Such bitter thoughts they bring.

And then I go for comfort
Where only the forest hears
And slake my burning fever
With love's most bitter tears.

11. Ein Jüngling liebt ein
Mädchen.

A boy and girl were courting,
But the boy never won the maid,
For her heart was set on another,
And he was already wed.

The girl was blind to reason,
Took the first who came to woo,
And forgot her early lover:
His heart was filled with rue.

It's many a young man's trouble,
But a man must stand alone,
And he'll bear in his breast for ever
A heart that's turned to stone.

12. Am leuchtenden Sommermorgen.

I walked in the gardens early
As they lay in a blaze of light.
I heard the flowers sighing
In pity of my plight.

They nod and talk together
And breathe to the scented air
"Pity our lovely sister,
She, too, is a flower rare."

13. Ich hab' in Traum geweinet.
I wept as I lay dreaming,
Small wonder, I dreamed you
were dead.
The dream was done and still
weeping
I woke in my lonely bed.

I wept as I lay dreaming,
Small wonder, I dreamed you
were gone,
I woke again and lay weeping
Till half of the night was done.

I wept as I lay dreaming,
I dreamed that you loved me still,
I woke, but the spell was broken,
And my eyes may weep their fill.

14. Allnächtlich im Traume.
All night in dreams I see your face
And dreaming hear your words of
welcome,
And with a cry I stretch my hand
To touch your feet in greeting.
You look on me with sorrow bowed
And shake your lovely head,
And all the while your tender eyes
Rain drops of pearls of sorrow.

You whisper to me a secret word
And give me a branch of cypress,
I wake again, but the branch is
gone,
And your words are now
forgotten.

15. Aus alten Märchen.
Do you know the ancient ballads
That tell of fairyland?
Do you hear the fairy music,
And feel the fairy hand?

There flowers are always blooming
In purest golden light,
And show forth all their beauties
In glowing colours dight.

The trees are ever sighing
Their age-long melody,
The breezes rustle gently,
The skylarks carol free.

The clouds come up in masses,
The earth is blotted out,
They wreath fantastic dances
In trailing winding rout.

And shafts of light are burning
On every leaf and tree,
And curious flames are shooting,
And twisting, turning free.

The springs send out their voices,
The very pebbles sing,
The brooks in turn give answer
In happy echoing.

Ah, could I once but see it,
But once that peace enjoy,
And shake off all my troubles,
And live in sweet employ.

Oh fairyland of wonder,
How oft I dream of you,
But with the day's returning,
It's gone like morning dew.

16. Die alten bösen Lieder.
Forget my silly ditties,
Forget my dreams at last,
The time has come to end them,
Bring me a coffin vast.

I'll lay therein a medley
Of things that are past and done,
The coffin must be vaster
Than the Heidelberger Tun.

Then bring a bier to match it,
And a hearse that's stout and
strong,
It's got to be as steady
As the bridge at Mainz is long.

And then I want twelve bearers,
Each one a giant fine,
Like Christopher's great statue,
That stands beside the Rhine.

Then they shall take up my coffin
And sink it deep in the sea,
For such a monster coffin,
The grave must monstrous be.

Listen, I'll tell you the secret
Of this grave so vast and deep,
My love at last I've buried
And laid my heart to sleep.

WOLF. Mörike Lieder.

4. Das Ständchen.*

On the roofs between the fleecy floating clouds the moon looks out,
In the street there stands a lover serenading on his lute.
And the village brook is chatt'ring to the walls on either hand,
To the sedge the willows whisper in the speech of fairyland.

So I stood myself in bygone days, on many a night of June,
While my finger tips were busy thrumming out a cheerful tune.
Ah! but then they came and took her from me ere my song was done!
So sing on, you cheery mortal, in my place, sing on, sing on.

F. S. W.

REVIEWS OF BOOKS

Bach's Chorals. By Charles Sanford Terry. Part III. The Hymns and Hymn Melodies of the Organ Works. Cambridge University Press.

In this, the third of his volumes on *Bach's Chorals*, Professor Sanford Terry follows the same general methods as before. He gives us the history of the words and the music of each chorale made use of by Bach in his organ works; quotes the melody in its earliest published form; and supplies a translation of each hymn. Along with it all runs an unceasing stream of biographical and historical information. The three volumes together form one of the most important contributions ever made to the study of hymnology, and the most important of all to the study of hymnology in connection with Bach. Professor Terry's research has been so thorough that it is hard to see what further work remains to be done in this particular line. His volumes are indispensable to everyone at all interested in Bach. The only suggestion I could make for the possible improvement of them would be the quotation of the hymn melodies in the forms they had assumed in ordinary congregational use by Bach's time. One great service that this volume will do for the organist and the Bach student in general will be to give them a better key than they had before to the secrets, both formal and psychological, of the chorale preludes. The first thing to be done in the study of each of them is to grasp the foundation-tune upon which Bach has let his imagination play, sometimes with a freedom that takes him and us far from our starting-point. The oldest forms of the melodies, often unbarred and with other note-values here and there than those they assumed later, do not always show, as clearly as we could wish, the actual melody upon which Bach worked. Not the least valuable feature of the Novello edition of the chorale preludes is the prefacing of each prelude by the hymn tune itself. There are, of course, handy collections—such as Breitkopf and Härtel's volume of "*Choralgesänge*"—of the hymns used by Bach in his organ and other works. But even a little trouble is a bother when there need be no trouble at all; and by including the hymns in their usual form Professor Terry could have spared the student the bother, small as it is, of turning to a second volume whenever the melody in its most primitive form does not tell him all he would like to know about it.

Professor Terry, as in duty bound, adds another to the several attempts of recent years to solve the historical problems of the "*Orgelbüchlein*." It is pretty generally accepted now that this work was not written in the Cöthen period (1717-1723), but in the Weimar period (1708-1717), or, perhaps, in part, even earlier. Bach's description of himself, on the title-page of the manuscript, as *pro tempore* Kapellmeister to the Prince of Anhalt-Cöthen has given his biographers an incredible amount of trouble. The view current in recent years has been that the "*Orgelbüchlein*" was composed in Weimar

but copied out in Cöthen. Professor Terry has another theory. He looks for a time to which the description *pro tempore* would be specially appropriate, and he thinks he has found it. Bach, as we know, wanted to leave Weimar in the latter part of 1717, most likely in a huff at not receiving the Kapellmeistership vacant by the death of Drese the year before. He received the Cöthen appointment in August, 1717, and would have gone there at once if he could. But the Weimar authorities were evidently as "fed up" with him as he was with them, and determined not to make things any easier for him than they thought he deserved. His petition for release was rejected, and as he "obstinately insisted that his resignation should be accepted at once," the Duke had him placed under arrest from November 6 to December 2, after which he was allowed to resign and go to Cöthen at Christmas.

Professor Terry surmises that the manuscript of the "Orgelbüchlein" must have been written some time between August 1 and December 2, 1717, the period to which the *pro tempore* would apply with perfect accuracy, for Bach no doubt regarded himself as morally rid of Weimar by his resignation, while Weimar still prevented him from going in the flesh to Cöthen. But Professor Terry thinks "it is possible to be more precise." He looks round for "a period of exceptional leisure in which Bach was free to sketch and partly write a lengthy work. . . ." "Such a period," he says, "presented itself during his incarceration at Weimar in November, 1717, and during those weeks, it may be concluded, the autograph was written."

But the conclusion is hardly conclusive. Bach, as each of his biographers has pointed out, was leaving a town in which he had a fine organ and every incentive for church composition in general, and organ composition in particular, for a town with a poor organ, and a court at which his musical duties would be secular rather than religious. Is it likely that, knowing this, Bach would employ his weeks of imprisonment in projecting a large-scale organ work? Is it not far more likely that the work was planned in days when the organ and the church service were the central points in Bach's daily life—in other words, before August 1, 1717? That the title-page was written some time between the appointment to Cöthen in August and the departure for Cöthen in December is possible and probable; but Professor Terry, as an author, will know that the last page of a book to be written is generally the title-page.

If the inferior limit for the "Orgelbüchlein" is thus still in doubt, can we be any more certain of the superior limit? Professor Terry thinks we can. He claims to have discovered that the work "is modelled upon a hymn-book issued in November, 1715, for the neighbouring duchy of Saxe-Gotha-Altenburg, edited by Christian Friedrich Witt (d. 1716), Kapellmeister at Gotha." His ground for this claim is that "a collation of the autograph and Witt's hymn-book shows that the latter provided Bach with 159 of the 161 hymns the 'Orgelbüchlein' names. Nos. 6 and 83 of the 'Orgelbüchlein' are not in Witt." Professor Terry concludes that "the scheme . . . can have been in Bach's mind since the autumn of 1715, but can hardly have been formed earlier." I am inclined to go some distance with this theory of Professor Terry's, but not the whole way.

Ever since the true nature of the "Orgelbüchlein" was discovered it has been recognised that it is really made up of two parts, distinct though related. (The reader may like to be reminded that the autograph consists of 92 sheets, which were intended to contain 164 chorale

preludes upon 161 hymns, three of them to be set twice each. Each prelude was allotted its own page, "so that," to quote Schweitzer, "if the composition extended beyond the page he had to paste an extra slip of paper below, or make use of the tablature." Only 46 of the preludes were written: the titles of the others stand each at the top of a blank page, except for a two-bar fragment in one case.) The first part of the scheme follows the church seasons and festivals—Advent, Christmas, New Year, Epiphany, Purification of the B.V.M., Passiontide, Easter, Ascension Day, Whit-Sunday, Trinity, St. John Baptist, Visitation of the B.V.M., St. Michael, and Feasts of the Apostles. This comprises the first 60 preludes. The others, from 61 to 164, deal with what may be called "The Christian Life." Professor Terry's arrangement of them is:—

I.	Nos.	61-66	The Catechism.
II.	"	67-77	Penitence and Amendment.
III.	"	78-86	Holy Communion.
IV.	"	87-88	For the Common Weal.
V.	"	89-96	Christian Conduct and Experience.
VI.	"	97-113	In Time of Trouble.
VII.	"	114-123	The Church Militant.
VIII.	"	124-126	In Time of War.
IX.	"	127-142	Death and the Grave.
X.	"	143-156	For Divers Occasions.
XI.	"	157-164	The Life Eternal.

It is a strong point in favour of Professor Terry's theory that, in the main, Bach's arrangement is that of Witt. This may be shown by condensing Professor Terry's long exposition into the following table, in which the A numbers are those of the preludes in the "Orgelbüchlein," in their proper order, the B numbers those of the same hymns in their order in Witt's book, while the C numbers are the first and last numbers of each section (Advent, in Time of Trouble, and so on) in Witt.*

Part I.

The Church Seasons and Festivals.			
Advent	A 1-4	B 4, 5, 17, 15	C 3-17
Christmas	A 5-15	B 35, 19, 20, 21, 22, 36, 32, 337, 34, 33	C 18-53
New Year	A 16-18	B 56, 57, 62	C 54-72
Epiphany and/or	A 19	B 80	C 78-83
Purification	A 20	B 81	C 90-138
Passion	A 21-33	B 104, 103, 95, 113, 96, 135, 94, 124, 127, 290, 129, 108, 126	
Easter	A 34-39	B 140, 144, 141, 143, 146, 145	C 139-157
Ascension	A 40-41	B 160, 165	C 158-167
Whit-Sunday	A 42-48	B 169, 170, 171, 173, 172, 174, 176	C 168-184
Trinity	A 49-54	B 240, 241, 185, 188, 189	C 240-241
St. John Baptist	A 55	B 201	C 201-204
Visitation	A 56	B 205	C 205-207
St. Michael	A 57-58	B 209, 208	C 208-215
Feasts of the Apostles	A 59-60	B 216, 217	C 216-218

* It is unnecessary, in this connection, to note the couple of instances in which Bach has gone outside Witt for a hymn.

Part II.

The Christian Life.

(Headings already given.)

I.	A 61-66	B 222, 221, 219, 228, 232, 243	C 221-245
II.	A 67-77	B 261, 258, 286, 280, 265, 283, 253, 282, 267, 291, 292	C 246-270
III.	A 78-86	B 320, 324, 633, 319, 322, 317, 293, 384	C 308-333
IV.	A 87-88	B 473, 472	C 471-473
V.	A 89-96	B 694, 514, 299, 531, 542, 525, 526, 537	C 514-597
VI.	A 97-113	B 606, 630, 656, 601, 638, 639, 604, 605, 723, 641, 598, 552, 632, 599, 550, 553	C 598-658
VII.	A 114-123	B 480, 481, 482, 483, 485, 486, 479, 610, 477, 520	C 476-497
VIII.	A 124-126	B 498, 499, 502	C 498-513
IX.	A 127-142	B 678, 697, 661, 660, 722, 733, 719, 698, 695, 680, 684, 703, 720, 743, 744	C 559-742
X.	A 143-156	B 419, 411, 412, 414, 415, 431, 430, 434, 435, 452, 455, 456, 457, 462	C 410-463
XI.	A 157-164	B 336, 284, 665, 659, 672, 607, 125, 308	C 743-762

The first thing that will strike the reader who has followed these figures is that, as Professor Terry says, "for his concluding section Bach completely disregards Witt's corresponding group." Evidently he is here following some inner scheme of his own, for which he preferred to choose his hymns elsewhere. But this abrupt departure from Witt's order only makes Bach's conformity to it in other respects the more notable. Rarely does one of Bach's groups include a hymn that is not contained in the corresponding group in Witt. Now and then Bach departs *en masse* from Witt's group-order, as in sections IV., V., VI., VII. and VIII., Witt's order being IV., VII., VIII., V., VI.; but once he has settled on the group he keeps within it.* In the main, Witt's order is Bach's.

What conclusion can we draw from the figures here set forth?

None, I think, as regards Part I. Bach had no need to go to Witt for his order here. He was not the first or only German composer to conceive the idea of a set of chorale preludes illustrating the Christian Year: Walther and others had already done so. The order of the chorales in such a work would naturally be that of the church seasons and festivals; Bach would instinctively have followed that order had Witt never existed. Nor would he need to turn to Witt for guidance in the choice of hymns, for the hymns appropriate to each season were already settled by immemorial usage. I cannot see, then, that the fact that in this first part Bach's order is the same as that of Witt affords any reason for supposing that the composer had the hymn-book of 1715 before him.

With the second part the case is rather different. Once more we must beware of attributing too much importance to the coincidence between Bach's choice of hymns for a certain purpose and the titles of the hymns in this or that section of Witt's book dealing with the same moods. The Germans, with their love of categorisation, have always been fond of grouping their hymns in the hymn-books according to their contents or function—"Of Death and Dying," "Of Prayer," "Of

* Here and there Bach uses in one group a hymn that has been placed by Witt in another. This cannot in any way invalidate the argument from the general correspondence of the groups. In the German hymn-books of that and later periods different editors would now and then classify a few of the hymns differently. For Bach, no doubt, "Jesu, meine Freude" (No. 13) and "Allein nach dir, Herr Jesu Christ" (No. 30) had, in the one case, a Christmas signification, and in the other, a Passion signification, that they had not for Witt or others.

the Eternal Life," "Of Praise and Thanksgiving," "Of God's Will," "Penitence Hymns," "Morning Hymns," "Evening Hymns," "Communion Hymns," and so on; the method was no doubt found convenient for reference. Had Bach done nothing more than put the hymns together in bunches to which we can apply the usual descriptions, there would be no need to suppose him to have used any particular hymn-book. But when we find that his general order in the second part is that of Witt, that, in the main, the hymns in each of his groups are those in the corresponding group in Witt, the very order being sometimes actually the same, that Witt's book was published about the time when, from other evidence, we know the "*Orgelbüchlein*" to have been written, and that this hymn-book was intended for use in the neighbouring duchy of Gotha, the presumption is a fair one that Bach had this book before his eyes when planning at any rate the second part, of the "*Orgelbüchlein*."

Perhaps, after all, the imaginary dividing line between the two parts is more real than we have hitherto supposed. Presumably no satisfactory answer will ever be given to the question, "Why did Bach never complete his scheme?" Schweitzer's reason is that the hymns not set lacked the graphic or pictorial qualities that Bach loved to illustrate in his music. Against this it may be urged that (1) surely Bach, with his profound knowledge of German hymnology, must have been as well aware of this lack when he made out his list as he could have been later; (2) many of the hymns *have* the graphic touches that Bach wanted, and upon some of the hymns he *did* write chorale preludes later, though without copying them into the "*Orgelbüchlein*." But, indeed, a glance at the list of composed and uncomposed preludes is sufficient to dispose of Schweitzer's theory. As I have put it in my preface to the Novello edition, "he apparently began work on the series systematically from the first page, and only in the later stages do big gaps appear between the completed chorales. Thus of the first 27 chorales whose titles appear in the volume all were worked out except No. 6." Of the remaining 60 of the first part, 10 are written. Of the 104 of the second part, only 10 are written (Nos. 61, 65, 76, 77, 91, 98, 100, 118, 131 and 150). It would be against all the laws of probability that, even supposing the 45 chorales actually set were the only ones possessing the desired pictorial qualities, "more than half of the number should fall within the first 27, only 13 among the last 125, only 2 among the last 65, and none at all among the last 33."

The manuscript once in Mendelssohn's possession, which contained 26 of the preludes, is generally accepted now as being earlier than the complete autograph, and there are grounds for supposing it to be based on a still earlier draft. The conclusion would seem to be that the completed portion of the work (covering, in the main, the church seasons and festivals from Advent to Trinity Sunday) might have been written at Weimar any time before or after 1715, and was at first planned to stand by itself. The second part was probably an after-thought. Until the Gotha hymn-book of 1646 to which Witt refers in his preface is accessible (there is no copy, apparently, in this country), we cannot discover whether the order of the hymns there is the same as in the edition of 1715. If it is, then Bach may have worked on the 1646 hymn-book, and 1715 falls out as a limiting date. If not, then there will be little difficulty in accepting Professor Terry's conclusion that Bach must have worked upon this edition, though, for the reasons I have given, we can accept it, or at any rate need it, only for the second part of the "*Orgelbüchlein*." Bach was a practical man.

Seemingly when he got to Cöthen he realised that there was no practical use to be made of such a collection as the second part, so he gave up the idea of completing it. But since he must have known *before* he went to Cöthen that the conditions of his service there would be different from those at Weimar, is it not a fair supposition that he lost interest in the scheme about as soon as he received his new appointment? For my part, I cannot quite see him devoting the very last of his Weimar days, as Professor Terry supposes, to making a fair copy of the "Orgelbüchlein," with the titles of all the unwritten and never-to-be-written preludes conscientiously filled in. I regard it as more probable that the scheme was drafted in the early days when he probably regarded Weimar as his home for many years to come, and that only the title-page dates from some time between August and December, 1717.

ERNEST NEWMAN.

The Appreciation of Music; being one of the special courses of the Art of Life Movement. 28, John Street, Bedford Row. By Ernest Newman.

Musical appreciation is a subject which has suffered a little from its exponents, who are apt to write down to non-musical minds. Here is a musical expert and a first-rate writer tackling the subject, and it is interesting to see what he will make of it. "Appreciation" is easy; it is the "musical" that is difficult. The crux comes when a spade has to be called a spade—when we must give up talking about the "home" note and the "enterprising" note (not that Mr. Newman uses these exact terms) and call them plain tonic and dominant. No verbal explanation will make clear what these terms mean, they have to be experienced by the ear; until that has been done they mean as little as "subject and object" means to a street arab. The book is written in six "lessons" of three dozen pages each, and this point is reached in the middle of the second lesson.

Mr. Newman here plunges straight into three highly debatable subjects—inversion, scale and the harmonic series. As to inversion, Rameau was no doubt right when he made C E G the root position of the major chord, but there is good reason for thinking Heinichen was both historically and logically right when he made C E A the root position of the minor chord. As to scale, if the pull of the tonic has dragged B \sharp up to B \natural , why has it not also dragged D \sharp down to D \flat ? There is a reason, of course, too long to go into in an elementary book; but its suppression vitiates the argument for any unprejudiced and enquiring mind. And as to the harmonic series, the fourth is classed as an overtone (which is not strict fact), and it is said to be recognised by theorists as, with the fifth, of "special importance"; but there is a limitation which is not mentioned—that the fourth is of (harmonic) importance only as a "downward" fifth, *i.e.*, when its upper note is taken as the starting point (*e.g.*, the first chord in the slow movement of Beethoven's 7th symphony).

There is not, as Mr. Newman suggests on another page, any final right or wrong about such matters, and the preceding paragraph was not written to imply that there is, but only to point out that, there being several ways of interpreting them and all of these depending on a considerable antecedent knowledge of music, their introduction causes a hiatus in his book. For here he suddenly addresses the musical instead of the non-musical reader. That is the rock upon which the

good ship "Appreciation" always splits. You can talk metaphorically—and Mr. Newman does so with great skill—or technically; but not both in the same essay. There is no mystery about music, as he says; but it is, and will always be, a mystery. We understand the general scheme of a bookcase which a carpenter is making for us; but when he begins talking about dowels and rabbets we have to know—or else we don't know. We must know the names in order to understand what he is talking about, and the things to realise how much work he is putting into it. We may "appreciate" a bookcase by comparing it with twenty others, but by the time we have seen a hundred it will come back to dowels. Most of us see twenty only, and any hint you can give us (short of dowels) we shall be grateful for. Mr. Newman gives a good many such hints.

Pedalling in Pianoforte Music. By A. H. Lindo. Kegan Paul.

One remembers reading an excellent book by Mr. Lindo on accompaniments, in which he seemed to have no difficulty in saying decisively what he meant. One is slightly pained, therefore, to come across here such a sentence as "It can hardly be deemed disrespectful to say that, at times, the pedal markings given by the great composers seem more prompted by the impulse of the moment than by any reasoned and definite desire for a particular effect." Why so much verbiage and hedging? This is not a single instance: the book is full of it. As to his subject, pedalling, one hardly sees why it should not have been dismissed in half a dozen words—Pedal only when you must—as one says to a writer—Put as few commas as you can. When all is said, the use of the loud (or the "sustaining," or the "damper," or the "right," at any rate of "the") pedal may become, like the singer's tremolo and the violinist's vibrato, the conductor's rubato and the organist's swell-coupled-to-great, a disease; and the only thing to do is to contract it as mildly as you can. As the author says, no rules can be laid down, and ten times the concrete examples given here (and there are many) would prove little. Broadly speaking, the question of pedalling has resulted from the replacing of counterpoint by harmony, diatonic by chromatic, harmony by dissonance—they are all phases of the same impulse, the desire to make the tense tenser, to press two moments into one, to be more pithy, in fact. So, if the half-dozen words are to be expanded, one would say to the pedalmonger—in proportion as you feel the passage to be phase and not outline, mood and not tune, pedal; and, if he asked how he was to feel that, one would add—Be a musician. That is what composers who *don't* mark pedal depressions and releases accurately, or half-pedal, tremolo-pedal and syncopeped-pedal at all, probably mean.

Edward Macdowell. By John F. Porte. Kegan Paul.

Mr. Porte has, though with limited material, done his work well. The facts are given with becoming brevity, the impressions with seemingly reticence, and the style of the writing shows a great improvement on some other work we have seen of his. The limitation is that Macdowell himself is nowhere heard in the book. There is one short business letter in facsimile with a translation from which we gather that he was more familiar with German than his translator is; but his opinions and sayings are not recorded, although we are told there was no lack of either. In their place we are given generalities, and even these are anonymous, unless we are to infer that they are the author's own impressions. There is a full list of his works, of which one interesting entry is "Opus 1 to Opus 8. Destroyed by the composer."

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